

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 27, 1977

40 CENTS



**ST. LOUIS
ROOKIE
JIM HART**



Open wide and say ah.

Surprise

You thought you were going to see a roomy, homely Volkswagen station wagon.

But it's a new kind of roomy, homely Volkswagen station wagon.

To begin with, getting in is easier: the front doors are lower and wider. And with the side door we've achieved a milestone in station wagon doordom. It slides

Once inside, you might even think you're in a normal car. Everything's padded, including the dashboard, visors, and the armrests. (Besides looking like a car, we've improved the suspension so it even rides like a car.)

There are bucket seats up front. And where most cars have something called a console, the new box has an aisle. If the

road should strike you, you just walk the length of the box.)

So when you look inside the new box expect to be pleasantly surprised. But not overwhelmed.

Because as boxes go, our station wagon is now pretty fancy.

But as station wagons go, it's still a box.

"We play our best golf while it's raining cats and dogs."



"For less than 7 bucks, we got a driver, a fairway wood, number 5 and 7 irons, a wedge, a putter, plus 10 balls, bunkers, sand traps, our own flat green (lake included). What else? We play indoors on our living-room rug with our own full-time golf pro—that's what else!"

And so can you with Pro-Shot Golf by Marx. You play with Mr. Pro who's on the end of a regular-sized golf club. Everything you can do, he can do—and does do. His every move is controlled by you by means of a loop trigger. His arms, head and shoulders move into the backswing at your direction. Pull the trigger and he carries out a perfect downswing to execute a beaut of a "picture follow-through."

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you are. What's more, you can lay out any course you want. Just set up the tee-off area, green, bunkers, sand traps and driving markers as you wish.

And don't forget: It's always open season with Pro-Shot Golf. What are you waiting for, Christmas? Good idea

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You get 6 clubs that snap into Mr. Pro so you can drive, loft, putt:



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Comes complete with 10 special balls.



Just like real—four boundary markers

With this loop trigger, you control Mr. Pro's every move, his swing, follow through, stance, your entire game



What's a golf course without sand traps? You get two.



You drive off this tee.



Par for the course? Keep your own score with these score cards.



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Plus complete instructions that tell you how to lay out your course and how to play



Comes complete with portable golf bag

**The dirty engine:
It can waste
more oil than it uses.**

An engine that's dirty inside doesn't just use oil. It wastes oil.

The reason is that deposits form on moving parts of your engine.

If these deposits aren't cleaned up, they cause wear inside your engine.

After a while, some parts of the engine (piston rings and cylinders, for example) don't fit together as closely as they should.

Oil seeps between them, and goes into the engine's combustion chambers.

Then before you know it, congratulations,

you're driving an "oil burner."

Once this happens, the only cure is a major, expensive overhaul.

To help prevent this from happening to begin with, we've come out with a new Detergent Oil that cleans your engine while you drive.

Its name is Mobil Super 10W-40.

As it circulates through your engine, it keeps dirt suspended and doesn't let deposits settle down. (Where they can gum up the works.)

Because dirt is kept suspended, it goes down the drain when you change oil.

And a clean engine isn't all you get when you use our new Detergent Oil.

Mobil Super 10W-40 doesn't thin out as fast as ordinary oil when your engine gets hot. So you'll use less of it.

And it doesn't get as thick as ordinary oil when your engine is cold. So you'll start easier.

The next time your car is due for an oil change, change to new Mobil Super 10W-40.

You'll pay a little more for it.

But your money won't go up in smoke.

Mobil.
The Detergent Oil

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Credits on page 19

Next week

COLLEGE BASKETBALL'S annual special issue presents the case for raising the baskets to 12 feet, the subject that engrosses the attention of an increasing number of coaches each year. We pay tribute to one of the sport's prime innovators and winningest coaches, Henry Iba of Oklahoma State, scout the best teams in all conferences and the top independents, and, in addition, salute a host of remarkable sophomores. Plus all the news of pro and college football and our regular features.

SHOPWALK

For the discerning Christmas shopper, neckties are out and camels are in.

If Aunt Minnie gives you another one of those neckties again this Christmas, get yourself another aunt. This year stores all over the country are fairly bursting with more imaginative gifts, particularly for sportsmen. They range from the practical to the exotic, from the cute to the kooky, and may cost (if the Neiman-Marcus catalog is an accurate index) anywhere from \$7 for a floating fishing knife (complete with knife blade, can opener and bottle opener) to \$4,125 for a pair of his and her camels "for people who have been promising themselves to slow down."

The camels, listed by N-M as a "matched pair of desert plutocrats" will be flown anywhere within the continental U.S., delivery time subject to the availability of camels.

From Neiman-Marcus you may also order smuggler's ski poles, which open up at the top to accommodate a four-ounce flask, guaranteed to warm you up on the slopes. The poles are made of black-and-gold anodized aluminum and retail for \$32.90 a pair.

Moving northwest, we find Seattle's Anchorage, a marine antique shop, offering such unusual items as an ex-Navy brass floating mine that measures three feet in diameter and sells for \$95, disarmed. A ship's canteen, made in the early 1900s and in working order, can be had complete with a load of grape shot (\$225).

Less lethal but more decorative are a U.S. Navy officer's spyglass, circa 1865 (\$145), and a brass diver's helmet that dates back to about 1920 (\$235). Seattle's Jomas Brothers, the world's largest taxidermists, will sell open-mouthed polar-bear rugs, depending on size, for \$400 to \$700, a mounted African antelope head for \$100 to \$250, a footstool or wastebasket fashioned from an elephant's foot for \$85.

Seattle's Litter's, an exclusive men's shop, offers golfers an easily assembled three-piece brass putter that comes with two gilded practice balls in a black case with red velvet lining (\$15).

Golf items are popular also in the Far West, where Kerr's Beverly Hills store will be marketing fun putters with heads shaped like waterpipes, beer cans, hot dogs, corn cobs or fish at \$14.95 each. A fast-moving item, available again this year, is their putter called the "game winner." It comes ornamented with headlights, taillight, horn, bicycle bell, tape measure and \$25,000 in funny money, for \$24.95.

Those who combine affection for the outdoors with a more familiar variety will be glad to find that Kerr's sells his and her sleeping bags that can be zipped together (\$149.95). Kerr's also carries a full line of

continued

M 1

No competition.



Model SR 100 Cartridge Tape Recorder

Contains most features of more expensive models, costs far less. Capstan drive, fast forward, Vu-Meter, slide-to-record switch, battery life indicator. Price includes 3 cartridges, batteries, earphone, remote control dynamic microphone and stand, 8' patch cord and leather carrying case, AC adaptor, optional. About \$59.95.



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Reason? In measuring scene brightness, the F1N meter favors the central subject. Thus, backlighting and background contrast have little or no effect on exposure reading accuracy. Same principle as in the famous Nikon F Photomic TN. Practically foolproof!

And with exposure problems out of the way, you can take full advantage of all the picture capabilities of this remarkable new 35.

Under \$270 with 50mm Auto-Nikkor f/2 lens. At your Nikon dealer, or write: Nikon Inc., Garden City, New York 11530. Subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries Inc. (In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd. PQ.)

STACY-ADAMS



Stacy-Adams sets the pace...so do the men who wear them

Stacy-Adams buckles up for style and gives the wing tip casual new direction. It's all topped off with a flexible sole that moves with you every step. Made of the finest materials on the finest lasts in the world. Style 464, olive brown calf. Stacy-Adams shoes \$32.00 to \$50.00. Stacy-Adams Co., Brockton, Mass. 02403. Est. 1875.

SHOPWALK

women's wear and will feature this year: for athletic girls, water-repellent skort and trap jackets. They come in beige, green or brandy, are made of Dacron and cotton poplin, with bellows pocket for shells, suede patches under the right shoulder, and stretch material under the arms for freer movement (\$50).

The Abercrombie & Fitch stores in both San Francisco and New York are offering a 5½-foot-by-5½-foot stand-up Scrabble-board designed to keep you occupied at least through New Year's. You use it as though looking into a full-length mirror, with each player adjusting to his opponent's words from the inside-outside (\$850). Abercrombie's is offering home-bound golfers an indoor links that provides real clubs to hit into a 15-foot-by-15-foot screen that measures distance and direction (\$495).

Sidney Mobell, a San Francisco jeweler, will make you solid gold toothlinks at \$37 per pair, if you want them.

Woolf Brothers of Kansas City can supply the satisfaction of a full game bag and none of the trouble. For \$100 they will sell you two stuffed wild ducks and a pheasant that look as if they were freshly shot. They come suspended from a leather thong so that they may be hung on a wall. Woolf's has also imported from Italy two ceramic items. One is a caricature of a horse reading a copy of a racing form (\$100). He is gray, wears a yellow hat and a red blanket. His companion is a jockey in cerise-and-black silks, sitting on a pink bench, and, like the horse, reading a racing form.

Halls of Kansas City will provide, for those who care to sand the best, an imported English croquet set made of hignum vitae, an extremely hard and heavy wood. The balls are weighted, the mallets are oversize; the wickets are die-cast, and the whole thing comes in a magnificently varnished wooden box for \$185.

Further east, in classic Lake Forest, Ill., where the club company has charge accounts, and the supermarket wall-to-wall carpeting, a shop called the Outdoorsman offers chilly football spectators a flask that is also a hand-warmer (\$31).

In Birmingham, Mich. The Sportsman Shop is stocking up on decorative and useful animal pelts—zebra hides, African fox, serval cat, leopard, cheetah, and Australian possum. Hides sell for \$50 and up. A cheetah rug costs \$200, the leopard \$350. Furniture thrives start at \$300.

New York's Hattmacher Schleimer offers a sauna-bath outfit for \$695 that can be plugged in at home or in your office. Also available: a demountable sports car that can be assembled with a half dollar as the only tool necessary. It is a two-passenger, four-hp vehicle, topped with a striped canopy and capable of 20 mph (\$500). For an extra \$90, they'll throw in the half dollar.

—JEANNETTE BRUCE



First word for the martini. Last word in gifts.

BOOKTALK

A magnificent new volume recalls the grandeur of four centuries under sail

Four centuries of exploration, commerce and conquest under canvas changed the shape of the world and every man's way of looking at it. They also provided the raw material for some of the world's handsomest picture books. *The Great Age of Sail*, a hefty volume printed in Switzerland for the International Book Society, is the latest—and possibly the handsomest—addition to the collection and worth every cent of its price, \$30.

For more than just a picture book—though its four-color reproductions are as fine as any put on paper—*The Great Age* is a scholarly and exhaustive study in both essay and illustration of all the salient aspects of its vast subject. In 13 separate articles by 10 world-spanning experts and in hundreds of magnificent reproductions of old maps, drawings, paintings and photographs, along with newly drawn deck layouts, lines and sail plans, Editor Joseph Jobe looks at the ships and men that made sailing history.

An occasional odd painting, such as that of the *Grand Maitres*, a British vessel at the time of the Armada, resembles a sailor-man's nightmare, with the wind striking every sail from a different direction. But others, like Vroom's view of the British man-of-war *Royal Prince* entering Flushing Harbor in 1613, are vivid lessons in naval architecture. A modern racing sailor, marveling at the quaintly old-fashioned look on Vroom's *Prince*, will be surprised to see sailing just under it a smaller vessel rigged with the beady mast and blennuda-headed fore-and-aft sail of a modern 5-0-5 or Finn Monotype, a rig supposedly not thought of until some 350 years later.

Although many ships were "eyeballed," i.e., built by guess and by guesstimate, well into the 20th century, the golden age of shipbuilding was made possible by the combination of art and science in such designers as Phineas and Peter Pett, who built the *Sovereign of the Seas* for Charles I; Matthew Baker, who saw the streamlined relationship between the hull forms of fish and ships as early as 1586; and Frederic-Henry Chapman, the Ohio Stephens of the 18th century.

The age they inaugurated did not fully capitulate to the age of steam until after World War I when square-riggers built of iron and steel were still carrying grain from Australia to Europe in successful competition with coal-driven freighters. It is chaste serenity of this fine volume that it illustrates the dusk of a glorious age in black-and-white photographs as grim and evocative as the paintings of an earlier time are bright with color and sunlight.

—R. S. HAWLEY



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Craftsman® tools are professional quality. They help you do the job better. In fact, every tool in this set meets or exceeds the applicable Federal specification.

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Craftsman hand tools are unconditionally guaranteed to give complete satisfaction or return for free replacement. This guarantee does not apply to hand tools used in rental service.



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Two hundred thousand schools throughout the land choose Voit basketballs—the ones with exclusive Icosahedron® inner winding construction for professional action and longer life. Proven reasons why Voit is the Number 1 name in athletic balls.



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**"Our 1968 Cadillac
really pampers us
with comfort items like**



Tilt & Telescope Steering Wheel"

"This new Cadillac of ours has everything we could ask for, even a steering wheel that's the last word in custom comfort." If you're one who likes his luxury unlimited, then ordering an instant-fit Tilt & Telescope Wheel is a "must" in your next Cadillac. A wide selection of up-and-down settings—plus a full range of in-and-out positions—lets you adjust the wheel for full-comfort driving. Makes entering the

car so much easier, too. Just a touch of the fingertip control and the wheel moves up and out of the way. Take your *best steer of the year*, and try Tilt & Telescope convenience at your local Cadillac dealer's. (Tilt & Telescope also available on 1968 full-size Oldsmobiles.) Saginaw Steering Gear Division, Saginaw, Michigan.



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*30-day prompt refund guarantee requires that within 30 days, razor be returned with sales receipt, warranty card and nature of dissatisfaction to Ronson Corporation, Customer Service.

*Suggested retail prices

Ronson makes appliances like nobody ever made them before.
(How else could we make a name for ourselves?)

RONSON

SCORECARD

YES SIR

A week ago Army was looking forward to accepting a bowl bid for the first time, but then the Commander in Chief of the Armed Forces, President Johnson, reportedly voiced his now-famous view that football "hardly gives a picture of a peace-loving nation" (SCORECARD, Nov. 20). So any military man could probably have anticipated what was going to happen next. No bowl, said the Pentagon. The Secretary of the Army had decided that "accepting an invitation to play in a postseason game would tend to emphasize football to an extent not consistent with the basic mission of the Academy, which is to provide Army career officers." Or, as the statement was abbreviated in press and radio accounts, Army is supposed to train officers, not football players.

That Navy has played in four bowl games in the past 11 years and the Air Force in two is of no particular consequence. What is interesting is the fact that Army has been striving hard to build its prestige in order to attract top Academy candidates and that part of its image-lifting has been done through its football team. Army was aware, presumably, that applications to the Naval Academy quadrupled in the years immediately following Navy's first bowl appearance.

It also might be noted that Army All-America Don Hollider was killed in action last month. Doc Blanchard is now on his way to Vietnam; Bill Carpenter has recently come back with a Distinguished Service Cross, and Pete Dawkins is back with his bronze star. It may be a small issue, but we don't see anything mutually exclusive about training officers and football players.

When it comes to service-academy football we prefer the 1966 view of Lyndon Johnson, as expressed in a message to the Midshipmen and Cadets in the Army-Navy game program last year: "The courage and the confidence of this gridiron battle are the same cour-

age and confidence which win our common battles on foreign fronts. . . . May today's spirit pave the way to tomorrow's triumph."

In short, if there were other reasons for keeping Army out of a bowl game, they should be stated. If not, let 'em play.

FAIR SHAKE

The word in Las Vegas last week was that the "short, chubby man from Connecticut" who made 50 straight passes at a Dunes crap table not long ago (SCORECARD, Oct. 30) and collected \$25,000 might have been using dice coated with cobalt-60—a radioactive substance—along with a small electronic device that would control their fall. The cobalt-60, it was said, could have been rubbed on existing dice during the game without knowledge of the pit bosses, and the small electronic mechanism could have been concealed in a vest pocket. But the Nevada Gaming Control Board, after making an investigation, declared there was no truth to the tale. The dice used by the chubby man were macro-metered for defects and other abnormalities and were found to be perfect and exact cubes. They will be displayed in a specially built case outside of the casino, and The Dunes says it will offer \$250,000 in cash to anyone who breaks the Connecticut man's record.

A STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLE

The U.S. Lawn Tennis Association has decided to vote on three questions at its annual meeting in February: 1) Shall Americans be allowed to play in the open tournament at Wimbledon? 2) Shall there be an abolition of the distinction between amateurs and pros? 3) Shall an attempt be made to bring the administration of pro tennis under the USLTA?

There is a good chance American players will be allowed to participate at Wimbledon, but apparently the country's top tennis stars intend to appear no matter what the official decision is. Arthur

Ashe told SPORTS ILLUSTRATED last week: "I will play. I hope saying this will not get me hanned from the Davis Cup team, but I'll risk it. If I'm declared a pro I guess I'll just join the pros when I'm discharged from the Army in February 1969. An open Wimbledon is a move against tennis hypocrisy. I've been speaking out for this kind of tournament for a long time, and so has Billie Jean [King]. It would be hypocritical of us not to support our beliefs by failing to enter."

LOADED

Accompanying the Arizona State football team to Salt Lake City for its game with Utah were a number of high-spirited Sun Devil boosters and one man who kept his enthusiasm well in hand. He did not, in fact, even have a seat at the game. When he purchased space on the charter flight he told school officials he was going to Salt Lake to sell his house and "your charter is \$11 less than the regular fare."

But others on the plane more than made up for this display of frugality. One Sun Devil fan bought a flower girl's tray of mums for \$100 and pinned the pompons on people who looked friendly.



Another tried to buy a spectator's fur coat to take home to his wife.

In the third quarter ASU's Curley Culp intercepted a pass and ran it back for a touchdown. Utah makes a big noise when the team scores, firing off a howitzer that is mounted on a tank. The Arizonans felt that Curley Culp deserved

continued

From scene

Only the ingenuity of GAF design could offer cameras that appeal to the more experienced photographer, as well as to the beginner. The GAF Anscomatic® 726 still camera, and the GAF Anscomatic ST 90 movie camera do it by simplifying the complicated features often used for advanced photography.

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SCORECARD

a similar salute. They pooled \$500 and dispatched one of the group to bribe the ROTC youth in charge of the tank. The boy looked at the money and gulped, "No, I'd be court-martialed."

It would seem that the San Devil fans got a big bang out of the game anyhow.

WET BLANKETS

Not long ago we heard of a group out in Washington called the We Love Rain Society, whose goal was to give the state a soggy image so that tourists would stay away. The members said they were attempting to "rainwash the world" in order to keep enough space in the Pacific Northwest for the natives. Society members kept their homes filled with umbrella stands, sent photographs of themselves taken in the rain to out-of-state friends, and if a stranger asked about Mount Rainier, the proper reply was "What mountain? Oh, I've never seen it. It's always cloud-covered."

Apparently the trend to discourage tourists is spreading. Charles Adams, the board chairman of Massachusetts' Raytheon Company and a great-grandchild of President John Adams, has urged New Englanders to shut their doors to vacationers. In a recent speech Adams said, "Does it add to the contentment of gifted people whom we would like to attract here to have to stand in line at a ski lift behind a group from Indiana, to have to wade through the clutter of a Cape Cod beach that was deposited by citizens of Kentucky and to breathe the exhaust gas generated by cars from 44 other states while they park in a traffic jam? I submit that it does not. In my opinion, New England should belong to New Englanders."

The same day that Adams was speaking in Boston, Maine Governor Kenneth Curtis was meeting with his executive council to consider raising state park camping fees. One councillor declared: "Sebago Lake State Park is full all summer. It is only a two-hour ride from the crowded areas of Massachusetts. I don't see any reason why a family should be able to come up from Boston and stay there for two bucks a night."

KICKBACK

Notre Dame supporters going to Miami this weekend to see the Irish play the Hurricanes are being offered a sporting proposition by the Roney Plaza hotel.

The going rate for rooms is \$10 a day, but if Miami loses to Notre Dame the visitors will only have to pay \$5.

The hotel has offered similar deals for Miami's other home games, and so far it has not been an unprofitable gamble. Miami's only loss at home was to Penn State.

Unfortunately, the hotel got carried away with local fervor and thought the AFL Miami Dolphins were a good bet, too. "We started off the season with the same cut-rate policy for the Dolphins," Hotel Manager Sandy Slater says, "but they lost their first exhibition game, and 30 or 40 guests got out for half price." Not only that, Slater saw what kind of team the Dolphins were. "I decided to withdraw the offer," he says. A little dabbling in gambling water is O.K., but no hotelman likes to take a bath.

DEERODORANT

A Canadian chemical firm is marketing a body spray for deer hunters. The product, called G66 Deer Lure, makes a man smell like an apple or, rather, like an orchard. A deer is able to pick up the scent two miles away.

FRIGHT WIGG

Colonel George Wigg, who has been the watchdog for scandals and security leaks in Harold Wilson's government and a close confidant of the Prime Minister (he helped win the election for the Socialists by exposing Profumo), became the No. 1 man in British racing last week. On taking over as chairman of the Horserace Betting Levy Board, Wigg declared, "I have a profound hatred of new brooms, and I honestly see my job as a member of a team." But by the end of the first week it was obvious that Wigg had intentions of setting England's horseracing house in order. Wigg had said, among other things, that "the Jockey Club's discipline is so soft that the rules are ignored and derided," that "jockeys have developed the business of 'covering up' or disguising an attempt to lose into something close to an art," that "bookmakers, as a profession, are not very intelligent—neither are the dinosaurs and the dodosaurus got stuffed; if they are not careful so will the bookmakers, for the same reason," and that jockeys "are not as fully developed as the average young male of the same age, so it is quite likely that if

continued

to screen.

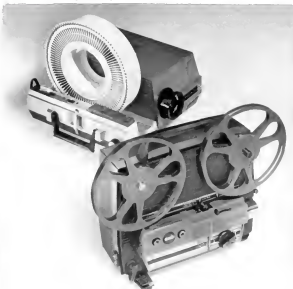
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SCORECARD *continued*

their bodies are not fully developed, then their IQs will not be very high, either."

Indignant jockeys and horsemen demanded a retraction, but George Wigg was taking back little that he had said. "If I have wounded anyone in any way," he told reporters, "on grounds of courtesy alone, I am sorry."

THE AUTHOR

Lawrence Zeidel's new book won't make the movies. The book is too short (10 pages) and the title too long for the marquee. Nevertheless, a *Resumé with References and Testimonials of Larry Zeidel, Professional Hockey Player, Sales Promotion and Public Relations Executive* appears to be a bestseller of sorts. It landed Zeidel a job with the Philadelphia Flyers in the expanded National Hockey League. "When expansion came I figured I'd better let people know I was available," says Zeidel, who has spent most of his 16 years as a pro playing in minor league rinks from Seattle to Hershey, Pa. So last summer he got out his scrapbooks and newspaper clippings and sat down to write his autobiography. He included pictures, too. "The one of me sitting behind the desk was to improve my image," he says. "Too many people had the idea I was a bad guy who got a lot of penalties."

Zeidel had his work printed (for \$150) and mailed a copy to each of the 12 teams in the NHL, informing them that he was available.

It was during training camp in Cleveland that he received a letter from Bill Putnam, president of the Flyers. A few days later Zeidel was playing major league hockey.

THEY SAID IT

- Charlie Tase, Miami football coach, on the noise in LSU stadium: "It's the kind of place that if the visiting captain wins the coin toss, he elects to take the crowd."
- Dan Tolan, longtime NFL official and now a league observer of games, when asked if there is a difference between NFL and AFL officiating: "There isn't any at all, except the AFL lets its men get a little fat."
- George Van Niekirk, one of Zambia's representatives in the recent world senior amateur golf team championship, on being introduced to one of the U.S. players, Ray Palmer, "Oh, yes, I've heard of Palmer."

END

Sports Illustrated

NOVEMBER 27, 1967

ALL THE WAY WITH O.J.

The game of the year, and very likely the national championship, went to USC when its peerless but sore-footed runner finally outshone UCLA's matchless quarterback and his aching ribs **by DAN JENKINS**

CONTINUED



(1) Scoring dash of O.J. (32) began (left) as he hit into a hole at UCLA 15.



(3) After turning toward goal (above), Simpson seemed trapped at the seven.

(2) Using his power (below), he broke tackle and stayed in stride.



(4) As he dragged UCLA defenders with him, he was hit from side.



(5) But he plunged forward for score that got USC offense going.





Here is the way it was in that college football game last week for the championship of the earth, Saturn, Pluto and Los Angeles: UCLA's Gary Beban had a rib cage that looked like an abstract painting in purples and pinks, and USC's O. J. Simpson had a foot that looked like it belonged in a museum of natural history, but they kept getting up from these knockout blows, gasping, coming back, and doing all of their outrageously heroic things. So, do you know what? In the end, the difference in the biggest game of the 1967 season and one of the best since the cars of helmets stopped flapping, was that this guy with a name like a Russian poet, Zenon Andrusyshyn, couldn't place-kick the ball over this other guy with a name like the president of the Van Nuys Jaycees—Bill Hayhoe. And that was the contest. Andrusyshyn would try to side-hoot a field goal or extra point for UCLA, and Hayhoe, who happens to be 6'8", would raise up. The ball would go splat, plink or karang. The last time Hayhoe did it, he tipped the leather just enough to make the Bruins fall on a precious conversion, and USC got away with a 21-20 victory in a spectacle that will surely be remembered for ages, or at least as long as German-born, Ukrainian, Canadian-born soccer-style kickers play the game.

Of course, it is not exactly fair to insinuate that Zenon Andrusyshyn, the German-Ukrainian-Canadian, was the goat of the whole desperate afternoon. Though only a sophomore, he is a splendid kicker who boomed punts into the California heavens all day, and it appears that if the ball is given time to rise, he is capable of place-kicking one more than 60 yards. Rather, it is more accurate to give credit to USC's John McKay for one of those little coaching touches that sometimes supplies a subtle edge. This time it proved to be a subtle edge that gave McKay the most important game of his life.

"We knew he kicked it low, so we just put the tallest guy we had in there on defense," said McKay later, in what may have been the happiest dressing room since showers were invented. "We told the kids it wasn't so important that they bust through and make him rush the kicks as it was just getting to the

sermimage line and raising their arms high."

In his wry, twinkling way, McKay then lit a cigar and said, "I call that brilliant coaching."

Everything about the day was brilliant, of course—as more than 90,000 limp souls in the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum certainly noted, and as millions of others watching on national television must have, too. Led by those folklore characters, Gary Beban and O. J. Simpson, both teams played extremely well, considering the slightly barbaric circumstances. Not only was the national championship quite probably at stake, but so were a few other odds and ends, such as the Rose Bowl bid, the Pacific Eight title, the Heisman Trophy, some All-America trinkets and a couple of coaching reputations. That both squads and staffs went into the gnawing pressure of this kind of Saturday with such poise was unique enough. But that they also managed to litter the premises with so much brilliant play was downright against the rules for games of the century, era, decade, year (choose one). There can only be one reason why the Trojans and Bruins responded so well to the occasion, and it is that they are, quite simply, the two best teams in the U.S. this season.

Some of the big stakes in the game were indeed decided by that one-point margin, which is growing fatter by the hour. USC's 9-1 record measured against the quality of its schedule makes the Trojans the most deserving team for all the No. 1 cups and saucers. The Trojans are also in the Rose Bowl, where they apparently are going to meet Minnesota and certainly not Purdue, thanks to an idiotic Big Ten rule. Some things obviously were not settled last Saturday, however, like, for instance, the individual duel between UCLA's Beban and USC's Simpson.

Although neither player was 100% perfect physically, both were superb in clutch after clutch. While he practically had to crawl to the sideline no less than five times to regain his breath because of his injured ribs, Beban whirled the Bruins to three touchdowns, passing for more than 300 yards, giving his team a 7-0 lead in the first quarter, a 14-14 tie

in the third and a 20-14 lead in the fourth.

Meanwhile, Simpson, his right foot throbbing inside a shoe with a special sponge cover, wearily hobbled away from piles of brutal tacklers and eventually managed to race for a total of 177 yards, including the touchdowns that put the Trojans ahead 14-7 and finally 21-20.

Had the Heisman Trophy award, therefore, really been decided by a couple of young men named Zenon Andrusyshyn and Bill Hayhoe? As Jim Murray of the *Los Angeles Times* said, "They should send the Heisman out here with two straws."

There had been an agonizing wait for this game. It began when USC climbed to No. 1 after its third win, and the agony increased when the Bruins eased up to No. 2 for a few weeks. Ironically, big-game tactic found Prothro's Bruins in No. 1 and McKay's Trojans two deep breaths below. Oregon State had caught USC sagging under the burden of No. 1, and on a muddy field at a perfect psychological time and—with not too bad a team, of course—had scored a 3-0 upset. All this made last week's pregame rituals of special significance. As unusual as anything else was the fact that UCLA was on top of the polls but USC was a three-point favorite.

McKay and Prothro honed their teams quite differently for the big one. The Bruins worked shorter hours, for one thing. Zip, zip, zip. It was as if Prothro was trying to conserve their energy. On the last warmup day, Friday, his team was out only seven minutes in contrast to USC's hour and a half. Across town, the Trojans ran more. Lots of wind sprints at what McKay calls "party time," which is a sort of postpractice session. The defense especially ran more than normal, and it is worth noting that USC's defense was fresher at the end of the game. All of those Trojans who were chasing, and catching, Gary Beban there at the finish—Ends Tim Rossovich and Jim Gunn, who was in action despite torn ligaments suffered earlier in the day, Tackle Willard Scott, Linebacker Adrian Young and Halfback Pat Cashman—looked capable of playing another two quarters.

It was obviously more necessary for USC to win the game than UCLA. Prothro had beaten McKay the last two years, for one thing. Not only that, a feeling

USC's Hayhoe, the highest man in the group of USC defenders, batted down two Andrusyshyn field-goal attempts. Off-injured Beban (below) required frequent assistance from UCLA trainer.

had emerged in the minds of many, much to McKay's anger, that Prothro had won with guile, wisdom and genius rather than athletics.

"Well," said McKay sharply one day, "we pushed 'em all over the field in 1965, but we fumbled on their one, seven and 17. I guess he planned that."

Anyhow, McKay was grim. Uncharacteristically grim. And USC, the team that is normally loose, was grim and quiet, right up to an hour before the start. The Trojans looked tense enough to fumble at least 10 times, but O. J. Simpson argued differently.

"We're just mad," he said.

Nor was UCLA in the emotional frenzy that has been its most commonly displayed trait. The Bruins were quiet, too, concentrating. Gary Beban was told that O. J. said USC was mad, and Gary, Mister Cool, said, "Anger doesn't win football games."

For almost the first 20 minutes it looked as if UCLA was the only team in the Coliseum. The Bruins were a lot quicker in the line, niftier in execution, more confident in their game plan, and more inventive in their attack. Beban had thrown the first of 16 completions to his left end, Dave Nuttall, who would catch seven, and he had gotten 11 big yards on a keeper, and he had led the interference for Greg Jones's blasting 12-yard touchdown run, which put UCLA out front. At the same time, the Trojans had not been able to move. In five possessions they had not scratched out a first down. On his first 10 carries, even behind an occasional and surprising eight-man line that McKay thought would unsettle Prothro, O. J. Simpson had gained only 11 measly yards. He had come no closer to breaking clear than Andy Williams, who was there to sing at half time.

The situation looked normal: Prothro had McKay's number, just as everyone had been saying at *The Daisy, The Factory, La Scala* and *Stefanino's* before diverting conversation back to who got which part in what TV series. It was normal except for one thing: USC did not have any yards or first downs, but it had seven points.

On the last play of the first quarter, just as it looked like Beban was cranking up the Bruins again, the UCLA quarterback threw a pass at midfield into the wide left flat. The receiver

was open, as Bruin receivers were all day, but the ball hung. It may have hung because Beban's side, injured in the Washington game the previous week, prevented him from slinging the ball hard when he had to. It may have hung because he misjudged the risk of an interception. Whatever the reason, USC's Pat Cashman saw it coming. He darted in front of Greg Jones, leaped and took the ball with nothing but 55 yards of beautiful, unpopulated Coliseum turf before him.

"I called the play," Prothro drawled later on. "It's a new one. He's supposed to roll one direction, turn and throw blind, hoping no defender's there. It's a stupid play. I'll never use it again."

While Pat Cashman's interception perked up the USC rooters—hundreds of whom, like UCLA's, had been in the stands since dawn to get good seats—it did not seem at the time to be all that important; it might hold down the score, maybe. Sure enough, after a wiggly, 42-yard punt return by UCLA's Mark Gustafson, the Bruins were quickly threatening again, with a first down on the 15.

A TASTE OF THAT NOT-SO-OLD COLLEGE SPIRIT

Marvin Goux has vicious black eyes and over each one a heavy strip of macadam that looks like an eyebrow. He wears his hair cut short, in the style popular at state prisons, and he keeps his belly just and flat for the Hollywood bit parts he plays by wearing rubber corsets that make him sweat when he is on the field at the University of Southern California, where he works as an assistant coach for John McKay. Mary's main figure has been seen on the screen whipping Tony Curtis into submission with a felt bullwhip, and on other less attractive adventures. Mary has a good scowl, a commendable frown. He comes across like a trouble ahead. He is known as a fellow who rises to the occasion.

Last week Mary rose again. He was in his favorite role, and he was not just acting. Before he is anything else, Mary Goux is a Trojan. In Los Angeles, a town divided, that means being about half right. Mary played as a USC lineman from 1952-1956. He has been coaching other Trojans since 1957, and it does not take much persuasion

But now a series of strange things happened that changed the game for the rest of the day. In three plays the Bruins got nowhere, and on the third one Beban got the first of the deadly blows in the ribs—this one courtesy of Pat Cashman—which would send him writhing toward the sideline. Andrusyshyn came in and missed a field goal from the 20. The kick was not one of those molested by Bill Hayhoe; Zenon simply side-winded it off to the left. And on USC's first play from its own 20, the game suddenly had another offensive team. Earl the Pearl McCullough started it by streaking down the sideline off a daring reverse for 52 yards. McCullough then caught a 13-yard pass. And now Simpson was warmed up. From 13 yards out, O. J. burst over guard for the touchdown—one that was especially vital, for it proved to the USC offense that it could move the ball.

Still, if UCLA was impressed it did not act it. The Bruins took the kickoff amid the most noise since D-day, and Beban promptly threw a 48-yard pass to Nuttall. It was first down on the Trojan 15 again. But, just like the time before, USC's defense got riled. Beban

to get him to give his I-was-born-one-and-I'll-die-one speech. He made two such speeches to the USC team in the last hours before the UCLA game. One was in the locker room after practice on Friday, with the USC band jammed in there and coeds outside trying to hear. And the other was in the same room just before play began on Saturday. Outsiders don't know it, but Goux is USC's inspiration man.

Goux had this picture of Coach McKay, looking down at the ground after last year's loss to UCLA. He held the picture up and he said the Trojans had to win for John McKay, because McKay is the guy who puts up with them, the guy who had really been taking it in the slats for the past two years from Los Angeles people who said Tommy Prothro of UCLA had his number, and it wasn't the unlabeled one. Goux said they also had to win for themselves, because it was not possible for a true Trojan to go through life contented without having beaten UCLA and the seniors were down to their last chance. He said they had to

was smacked by everybody but Southern California President Norman Topping, one of nine losses he would suffer, and he had to retreat to the bench again. In came Andrusyshyn for the first of two field-goal tries that Bill Hayhoe would block.

As has been said so many times about Beban, he learns from mistakes. He could hardly wait for the second half to start to take advantage of Pat Cashman, who had intercepted him and who had buried his red USC headgear into Beban's lung. With only two minutes gone in the third quarter, Beban laid a perfect 47-yard pass into the hands of Halfback George Farmer for the tying touchdown.

"Cashman had been waiting for another of those flat passes, so we sent Farmer straight down, right past him," said Gary afterward. "It balanced out. Cashman's interception was really responsible for our second touchdown." Between this score and the one that put UCLA ahead early in the fourth quarter, Prothro's team blew another excellent opportunity. The combination of a poor punt by USC's Rikki Aldridge, who redeemed himself for this and all

other misdeeds of a lifetime by ultimately kicking the game-winning conversion, and a Beban pass put UCLA on the Trojan 17. It was here that Hayhoe, a junior from Van Nuys who weighs 254 along with his 6'8", lumbered through to drop Beban for a whopping loss, and two plays later he blocked another field-goal attempt by the Ukrainian.

"Those things somehow weren't as discouraging then as they are now," said Beban later as he wandered around in the USC locker room, sipping a canned Coke, smiling and congratulating the Trojans. "We knew we would score again."

They did. Beban hit four passes in a brisk seven-play drive covering 65 yards, the last one going to Nuttall for 20 yards and the touchdown that made it 20-14 with only 11 minutes remaining. Andrusyshyn missed the point because Hayhoe had gotten a finger on it, and while it occurred to everybody in the Western world that this could be a pretty unfortunate point to miss, UCLA still looked like the better team. The Trojans had not seriously threatened. Junior Steve Sogge had given way to senior Toby Page at quarterback, and it

was no Los Angeles secret that John McKay's wife Corky was a better passer than Page. Nor had O.J. really busted loose.

But now it was time for Simpson to get back in the Heisman derby, thanks to a thing called 23-Blast. UCLA's tough tacklers had been kindly helping O.J. back up on his feet all day, a fine sporting gesture with the subtle design of keeping Simpson from resting. And at last it was time for O.J. to knock them down. And out.

It was third down at his own 36 when Toby Page saw UCLA's linebacker move out, anticipating the play Page had called in the huddle. Page checked signals and called another play at the line. It was 23-Blast. As it unfolded, it looked like a five-yard gain. Guard Steve Lehmer and Tackle Mike Taylor cleared O.J. through the hole. Then Simpson veered out toward the left sideline. Oh, well, a 15-yard gain and a first down. But End Ron Drake screened off UCLA's halfback, and the safety sucked over, and, hey, what's this? O.J. angled back to the middle, to his right, and a great glob of daylight became visible. And then he was running like the 9.4 sprinter he is, despite that sore foot and that funny shoe, and there was not anybody down there for the rest of the 64 yards who was about to catch him.

Of the remarkable 1,415 yards Simpson gained this season, those 64 were the most impressive of all, for they came after two hours of the toughest punishment he had endured—and they stretched all the way to Pasadena and Number Onesville.

About an hour and a half after the game, down in the USC dressing room, which had finally emptied and grown as quiet as it had been before the kickoff, a brief scene was enacted that served as a fitting epilogue. Dressed now, blazers on, hair combed, refreshed, Gary Beban and O. J. Simpson met, looking like two young men anticipating a fraternity council meeting.

"Gary, you're the greatest," said O.J. "It's too bad one of us had to lose."

"O.J., you're the best," said Beban. "Go get 'em in the Rose Bowl."

O.J. grinned. Presently, he ambled down the hall, through a door and up a walkway to an exit gate where clusters of USC fans were still gathered. It was roughly, oh, about 64 yards.

END

win for Harley Timkham, too, the L.A. sportswriter who had hinted that they could not (if they got old Harley after the game they were going to give him a shower with his clothes on). He said they had to win to be national champions and go to the Rose Bowl but, more than that, to be champions of Los Angeles.

"Listen, listen," said Marv. "The worst thing in life is to be a prisoner. I could never be a prisoner. Never. I would rather die. We've been prisoners to those indecencies over here for two years. Today's the day we go free."

He actually said those things. In cold print they suffer, but if you had heard them you would know a little more about what makes an intense college football rivalry so, well, so intense. Red Sanders used to say that USC-UCLA was not a life or death matter. It was more important than that. Take John McKay. John McKay is a hero the country over, a brilliant coach. If coaches were rated for the most innuendo, he would be national champion. He has one southern friend who calls him up every week. The coach gets his whole staff on the line and they listen while McKay tells them what he is going to do that week. McKay is sought

after and he goes around making confident speeches, being interviewed on television, winning games in places like South Bend, Ind., doing things in style. But in Los Angeles, when it comes to the UCLA game, he bristles over every piece of criticism that implies USC is not as well coached or is not as deserving as UCLA.

So Marv Goux said they had to win it for John McKay, and after that some of the players got up and echoed his sentiments, though not quite so eloquently. Adrian Young, the linebacker, got so full of emotion and eagerness that he just broke off in incoherence and sat down and said, "Aw, that's all."

McKay did not say much. He told his team it would be coming back to the locker room in two hours or so. "It'll be the shortest walk of your life," he said, "or the longest." And he sent them out.

It was the shortest. When they came back they splattered the walls with Coke and cash other with Coke, and McKay tried to give the game ball to O. J. Simpson. But the players would have none of that. "You keep it!" they shouted. "You keep it!" And he did.

—JOHN UNKLEWOOD

SHOOTING FOR THREE

While the new pro league battles for acceptance, one of its features—the three-point basket—stimulates a controversy

by FRANK DEFORD

Years from now," Laura appealed at the end of *Tou and Sympathy*, "when you talk about this, and you will—be kind." So it should be with the American Basketball Association's first year. Whatever happens—whether the league goes to a slow death or to national acclaim and parity with the NBA—when its historians or trivia experts recall its first moments, they should dispatch the first year swiftly and gently and then turn to talk only of Les Selvage and his original accomplishments. "Hey," they undoubtedly will say, "hey, remember Les Selvage?"

How not remember Les Selvage? Why, he was the first (and last?) of the great three-point basket shooters. Remember? Early in that first ABA season, back in 1967, he was making more three-pointers than any other team in the league. He was tossing in that red-white-and-blue ball from 25 feet and 30 feet as if he were making layups, and while he was averaging just 16 points a game for Anaheim, everybody was looking at the box scores and saying, "Hey, who is this Les Selvage, anyway?"

Selvage went from St. Louis to Kirksville (Mo.) State, where he broke all of Harry Gallatin's records. Then he moved to Los Angeles, where he played some AAU ball and with the Phi Beta Sigs of the Interfraternity Negro League. He worked as a shipping clerk at Douglas Aircraft, got married and had two sons. The Anaheim Amigos found him throwing in the long ones in the Interfraternity League and signed him up straightaway. Selvage says he is shooting the same as ever, that he has always taken long shots as a matter of course. It was just that before they never counted more than two points apiece. He also gets ample opportunity to employ his unique talent because the three-pointer has turned out to be a generally bad risk for most other players, except as a desperate come-from-behind measure. The Amigos, with an awful early road schedule, are usually coming from behind. Some times it turns out *si, Amigo*; more of-

ten, *no bastante, Amigo*. But either way Selvage has been getting the long shots, and for Anaheim, now 5-12, it has been mostly a season of three and sympathy.

The three-point basket is the most distinctive feature of the new league, and although it has pleased fans, it is not altogether popular with players and coaches. "If you've got someone in your offense like Selvage who can really hit a good percentage of them, fine," Coach Babe McCarthy of New Orleans says. "Otherwise it can only hurt you." Indeed, the three-pointers appear to be the curse of the losing classes. The good teams eschew them; the poor, in desperation, turn to them. Indiana has made only eight three-pointers and given up 34, but Indiana has the best won-lost record in the league.

The old American Basketball League introduced the three-point basket, but it had been talked about for years—perhaps initially by Howard Hobson, the eminent coach at Oregon and Yale in the 30s-50s. The ABA chose to follow the ABL formula. A basket counts three points if it is shot from behind an arc taped or painted on the floor 25 feet from the basket. The arc extends to a point three feet from the sidelines. From there, lines parallel to the sidelines are drawn to the baseline, so that a three-foot-wide corridor is formed down each side—and a shot made within this territory, only 22 feet from the hoop, counts for three, also. "It's a much easier shot from the corner," says Ben Warley, Selvage's teammate who leads the league's forwards as three-pointers. Selvage himself would prefer to work more out of the corners, too.

The shot from out front, beyond the arc, where Selvage reigns, is a step or two beyond the range of most guards. Practicing in the Oakland Arena last month—an arena both leagues use—Oscar Robertson asked about the arc on the floor and then tried a couple of 25-footers. "It's out of my range," he said, giving up quickly.

Selvage is hardly 6'1", much smaller



The ref puts up a hand as Les Selvage



tries three-pointer. Both go up if it sinks.

than Oscar, with a build that is not prepossessing and a little-boy face. But he is strong enough to make the long jump shot. He has hit with 47 of 107 three-pointers (.439), while inside the arc he is only 36 for 111 (.324). "His wrists are so strong," Amigo Coach Al Brightman says, "I think maybe Les would make more shots in close if he would try banking the ball." When the Amigos come out for pregame practice, Selvaige embarks immediately for his dominion out past the arc. He pops them in from out there while his teammates mill around in closer, trying their more prosaic shots. The scene is reminiscent of a pregame football warmup, with Selvaige the field-goal specialist, blithely tuning his sensitive skills, quite apart from all the mundane shoulder-knocking.

A substantial part of the argument supporting the three-point basket is that even if a long shot is not taken, the threat brings the defenses out to protect against it, and thus the whole court is opened up. The defenses are beginning to pick up long-range threats like Selvaige, but they have not been moved to the extent that advocates have envisioned. "Look," says one coach, "we figure the very best thing that can happen is for some team to hit a couple of those bombs early. Then they'll try them the rest of the game, while we're working for the good old percentage shot."

Wisely, just as it has shown a commendable desire to experiment, the ABA is going to review the value of all its innovations. This is consoling, for it should speed the departure of the red-white-and-blue ball, a garish eyesore that the players find too slick to handle. It appears to have no value save that of shock. Some ABA officials continue to defend the idea, maintaining that the ball is easier to see. Since no one has ever complained that a basketball is hard to follow, the argument is specious.

On the other hand, despite its obvious defects, the three-point basket at least deserves further trial—particularly since the fans do enjoy it. A modified three-point plan, long championed by Oakland Coach Bruce Hale, merits as much experimentation as the present method. Hale's proposal, which seems more logical, would bring the arc in to 22 feet, but it would also eliminate the corner corridors. "The idea, after all," Hale says, "is primarily to help the little man. If we permit the shot at the

closer range—22 feet—we truly bring it into the game. At the same time, we take away the bonus shot from the forwards in the corners. I wanted this in college because I think it is good for the game. I want it in the ABA, even though it will hurt me here. Can you imagine how much Rick [Barry] will score next year if they have to guard him tight in the corners to prevent his getting a three-pointer?"

For its part, the NBA remains unmoved by any three-point ideas. The rulesmakers have never even considered it. Eddie Gottlieb, an NBA rules committeeman who has spearheaded many of the innovations that have, literally, saved the pro game, says, "What is it but an admission that you are dealing with inferior players who can't do anything but throw up long shots? Is length the only criterion for excellence? I would say that out of every 40 or 50 shots, at least 20 are more difficult than a simple long shot. If it is worth three points to make a standard long jump shot, well then, a twisting, driving hook, going full speed to take the pass, cutting between two big defenders—why, that must be worth six points. You encourage mediocrity when you give extra credit to this sort of thing."

In at least one respect the shot is an exciting treat—when it comes in the very last seconds and the team with the ball is three points down. Mel Nowell of New Jersey tied such a game last week against New Orleans with a 30-footer with three seconds to go. And then New Jersey won in the overtime.

The longest three-pointer so far was made on the previous night when Jerry Harkness of Indiana banked in a 92-foot throw at the buzzer to beat Dallas 119-118. This won Harkness a Sharpshooter's Medal from the Indianapolis Marine Reserves and broke what was probably the pro distance record, set by Bill Sharman in the 1957 NBA All-Star Game in Boston. Sharman, standing at the opponent's free-throw line, hurled a long lead pass to Bob Cousy, streaking downcourt. It was a little long, and it swished through the nets 80 feet away. The arena was struck dumb at the sight. In the hush Sharman turned casually to Dick Garmaker, who was guarding him. "Don't play much defense, do you, Dick?" he said. They don't make three-point baskets like they used to in the old days.

END



TIGER HAMMERS HOME A SERMON

Things are too easy in America, said the light-heavyweight champion from Nigeria. To prove his point he drove into soft-punching Roger Rouse with a straightforward fury that belied his advancing years **by GILBERT ROGIN**

Two nights before Roger Rouse fought Duck Tiger for the light-heavyweight championship, a computer in the Clark County Courthouse in downtown Las Vegas predicted that Rouse would win by a decision. Whereupon Tiger turned to the machine and said, "You're a liar." As events proved, Tiger was right. It was he who won when the referee sensibly stopped the fight in the 12th round, in a way, Tiger's victory was doubly sweet: not only did the better man win, but man triumphed over machine, although Tiger did not see it that way. "A computer," he explained, "is made by human beings."

Tiger was not half as distressed by the computer's prediction as by the fact that he felt he was not properly dressed for the scene in the courthouse. "Why did you not tell me to dress up!" he asked Lew Burston, one of his American representatives. "I, too, have a nice shirt in my drawer that I could have put on." Tiger, that stumpy, gnarled, inflexible man, has a great deal of pride; he does not want to appear to be uncouth or a savage. He refuses to be photographed in front of trees, believing that such pictures confirm with a stereotype of Africa, "Rome wasn't built in a day," Tiger said recently.

"And," he added, "Las Vegas was once a desert."

Too, Tiger has a great love for his profession and for his title ("My title," as he always says), and he does not care to see either demeaned. "If you're in the ring to fight a man like myself," he says, "put up a good fight. Don't take it easy." He has no use for clever boxers and considers their art unmanly. "I'm not in there to play tricks," he says, "to go indirect, to fly around like a bird. I fight hard. That is what I get paid to do. I have a job. I train hard, I entertain the public. I go my way."

In his philosophy, the opponent plays

Beautifully conditioned Tiger, in sure command from fifth round on, lashed Challenger Rouse repeatedly with stern lefts and rights.

little more than a supporting role. Until last Friday night, Tiger had never seen Rouse fight, nor had he seen him in a film, which was of no concern to Tiger. "I'm going to see him for an hour on the 17th," he said. "That's time enough. It's the business I'm in. There's no need to be in a hurry. Take your time. In life I always take things easy. I been fighting now 15 years. I fought all kinds. I fought them as they fought me. That's life. Things come and go. I think of my past years. In my past years I was nobody, had nothing, nobody knew me. Things come and go."

In the Las Vegas Convention Center they went very well for Tiger, disastrously for Rouse and, incidentally, the promoters, as only 3,733, who paid \$44,500, came to see the show.

According to Teddy Benitham, Carlos Ortiz' trainer who was brought in to work Rouse's corner, "There's got to be a way to beat a style. If you can't find a way to beat a style, your fighter won't win." Tiger's style is unadorned, "direct," as Tiger would say. He comes at you in a straight line, in somewhat of a crouch, and looks to close and then bang to the body. He favors his left hook, which he generally sets up with a right hand, and if he is not a notably big puncher, he is made of stern stuff.

"He's a piece of steel in the ring," says Mike Kaplan, who refereed Tiger's fight with Florentino Fernandez. "I felt the metal when I tried to break them." Even more to the point, Tiger is indomitable, or, as Benitham says, "Sometimes you have a fighter who don't want to get beaten."

But, as Benitham also says, "there isn't a system in the world can't be beaten." Joey Giardello, Joey Archer and Emile Griffith, all of whom beat Tiger, showed how it could be done—simply by making themselves scarce. All three moved on Tiger, meaningfully jabbed, made him reach, kept him off balance. "A good ironhorse man will beat Tiger," said Freddie Steele, the old middleweight champion, who was in Vegas for the fight. "Rouse will have to be sliding that left out all night long."

Indeed, this was how Rouse intended to fight. "Get up close," Benitham told



him in the dressing room before the fight. "Bop, bop, bop. Get out of these. In. Out. Stick and move. Stick and move. Ah, you know how to fight. I don't have to tell you."

And, in this fashion, Rouse won three of the first four rounds. Although he is not a particularly pretty boxer, he did what he was told: jabbed, stayed on the move and, for good measure, hit Tiger coming in with short, snaky rights. For his part, Tiger tried to get under the jab to reach the body. As his trainer, Chuckie Ferrara, had said, "Rouse got a nice long body that attracts me a lot."

In the early rounds Tiger's long, lunging solitary left hooks to the head seemed futile, even foolhardy, to almost everyone but Ferrara and Jersey Jones, Tiger's other American representative. "Come on, chase him, chase him," they exhorted Tiger from the steps leading up to his corner.

From the fifth through the eighth

rounds, Rouse did much as before, except that he largely neglected his right, and, as Tiger began to press him, Rouse's resolve visibly waned. In a sense he lost the fight long before the first knock-down. "I wanted to concentrate more on the jab," he said afterward. "I felt I was reaching too much with it and that he was getting under it. And I thought I should stop throwing the right. It's dangerous punching down. I felt he might come over the top."

Instead, because Rouse was, in fact, reaching with the jab, Tiger, who was troubled with bleeding from a minor cut over his left eye, came in, both beneath the jab and, to Rouse's eventual pain and sorrow, over it. Rouse throws what they call "an elbow jab"; that is, instead of shooting the fist straight on and bringing it back along the same path, he jabs primarily and weakly with his forearm like a man bending his elbow at the bar. The move momentarily leaves his head, in the words of Gus D'Amato,

continued

"hanging out there like a lantern in a storm."

Despite his shortcomings, Rouse was still in the fight until the ninth round, when he failed to do what he was told. Bentham said to him in the dressing room after the fight, "Remember when I kept saying 'Don't pull back?' Then that's the one round you pull back," Bentham amplified: "The style was right. Everything was perfect going up to the round he got knocked down. I said, 'Don't pull back.' All he had to do was give it a little bend. I thought he was home in the ninth round. There was all sucker punches."

Tiger threw a long, loopy left, and Rouse pulled back from it, nowhere far enough. It caught him flush on the mouth, split his lip open, cracked his mouthpiece and knocked him on his back. Rouse got up, but he was not the man he used to be and Tiger chased him the rest of the ninth, although he did not catch up.

In the 10th round, he did. He caught Rouse in close with another hook. As the challenger grabbed him around the waist, Tiger kept hitting Rouse, who, still hanging on, slid to the floor. This time he arose at two and was a bloody sight, like Macbeth coming, astonished, out of Duncan's bedchamber. Rouse was even bleeding from the left knee.

When the bell rang for the 12th round, Rouse was still sitting bemusedly on his stool, suddenly alone and defenseless, innocent. A few moments later Tiger hit him with a right hand. Rouse fell forward, somersaulting, but again was up at two. He stood submissively by the ropes while Referee Jimmy Olivas picked up the mandatory eight count. Olivas, never finishing the count, changed his mind and indicated the fight was over. "He was out on his feet, plus the cut," Olivas explained. "He was cut too bad."

Olivas was right in both respects. The cut took 14 stitches and, in any case, Bentham and Pete Jovanovich, Rouse's

manager, were about to stop the fight themselves. "I said, 'Let's stop it,' after the 11th," Bentham said, "but Rouse said to let him go another round."

"I have a thousand thoughts," Jovanovich said later. "Might have done. Should have done. Could have done. But you can't rectify it. I don't know much about boxing. I wish I did."

"He was doing all right," Bentham said. "He was driving him crazy. It's only that when you lose, everything is wrong. Ah, but I don't like losing."

"I heard about things like that," Rouse said. "I never thought it would happen to me. They all say you can't win them all. I never would have believed it. Oh — ! Somebody told me once, you can't win them all. I sure would like to get another shot at it, but I guess we won't. Oh — !"

"We never lost," Jovanovich said. "We've just paused for a while."

An hour after the fight, Tiger was in his room in the Hotel Fremont, fiddling with the dial of his shortwave radio, waving the aerial like a wand, trying to pick up news of the war in Nigeria; he is from Ala, in the secessionist Republic of Biafra. Tiger had hoped to find a Voice of America broadcast, but all he got were untruthful screeches, voices speaking Spanish and news of Vietnam.

"So, I have broken the tie," he said as he waited for Chickie Ferrara to prepare his bath. Tiger was referring to the telegram he had received, which informed him that his wife had given birth to a girl a week before the fight and that mother and daughter were doing fine. "It is good," Tiger went on. "Now I have four girls and three boys. This telegram lifted a large stone from my mind. It let me know my family was not dead. Chickie, is the bath ready yet?"

"Don't be impatient, Dick," Ferrara said. "You have a long soak ahead. Then I want to strip the eye." At this, Tiger looked at himself in a mirror and snarled at what he saw. "It is an ugly face," he said.

"Are you kidding?" asked Freddie Brown, who is one of Tiger's seconds. "That's a good-looking face. In fact, tonight you were handsome. Tell me the secret. How do you do it?"

"It is no mystery," said Tiger, who is 38. "The older I am, the more better I get."

Low Burston, who is 70 and says he

continued



Beddened Rouse leaves Las Vegas arena flanked by trainer Heyashi and manager Jovanovich.

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has been in boxing for 109 years, and Jersey Jones, who is 69, came into the room. "The right hand under the heart in the fifth round was murder," said Burston. "He should have been arrested for that punch." Years ago when he promoted in Paris, Burston was known as *Le Juf Errant* because, as he is fond of saying, he made 52 round trips to Europe by boat before the war. "Paris will always be lovely," Burston says. "Paris will always be soft. But the soft, quiet, gentle way is not found so often, and the butchers no longer chop your meat with two sharp knives."

"Rouse ain't a bad fighter, but his own left was what killed him," said Ferrara. "He couldn't push Dick off with the blow, even when it landed. But what's the difference? He wasn't going to beat Dick anyway."

At last Tiger's bath was ready. "To be hurt," he said, sitting in the tub in the vaporous bathroom, "is not so bad as long as you get paid for it. Sometimes I have been injured in training.

Then it is bad. It is for nothing—free. And pain is part of the price. I am not glad I got my eye cut, but this is O.K. It mean I earned my money. I have hied for it. Life to be good must be hard, otherwise the sweet things cannot be appreciated.

"Here, in this country, things are too easy, I think. Everything must be the easy way, the good soft way. Seldom do I see parents hit their children. No one has control. Not the father, not the mother. With us, the child does as his parents say. My father taught me, and I teach my children. That is how the child learns strength. From seeing how the father lives, how he does his life. There is nothing wrong with working hard and sweating. That is the way life must be lived. Then it is satisfying, and a man can enjoy his rewards. You see, nothing for nothing is nothing. But if you have to climb high up the tree to pick the good red apple, ah, then the apple is sweet.

"To me boxing is a good sport. I

would not be here today if it were not for boxing. It has given me a good life because I have put every effort into it. Always from life we must give before we can get. I got \$75,000 for beating Roger Rouse tonight. If you have the money, the money tell you what you have to do. If you have little money you do little things, if you have big money you do big things. Seventy-five thousand, that is a lot of money. Too much money if the fight is too easy, but it is never easy if a man comes to fight. In a way, Roger Rouse disappointed me. Yes, he tried hard, but I expected him to come to me to try to take my title from me, but he was running.

"I don't know how long I will go on, this I don't think about. But when the time comes I will know. I put myself into boxing, and I will take myself out when I have to. I will do that when my punches get lazy, when I cannot make myself train, when I cannot get up in the dark morning, while others are still asleep, and run."

END

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PEACH FUZZ WITH A DIFFERENCE

Nothing about young Jim Hart of the Cardinals is exactly as it is supposed to be. Maybe that is why the rookie has ripened into a pro quarterback several years ahead of schedule **by MARK MULVOY**

You think: a quarterback in pro football; he grew up throwing a warped ball through a tire that swung from the big oak in his backyard, practicing for hours every afternoon; in high school he most likely was all-state or, at the absolute worst, all-city, and then 87 colleges tried to recruit him (maybe even The Bear or Darrell dropped around to see his family); there were two bowl games, one in Miami, the other in New Orleans, and an all-star game on a surfboard in Hawaii; he was drafted on the first round, naturally, and after signing his four-year, no-cut contract for \$400,000 and two convertibles, he married the Homecoming Queen, or at least the Sweetheart of Sigma Chi.

Now that you have the picture, forget about all that, please, and stop listening to those adult purists, Vince and

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TOMIC



Papa Bear and Allie, who insist it requires five years to develop a pro quarterback, because this is the new generation—not the hippies' kind or the flower power kids' kind—but the young movers' generation.

Jim Hart (see cover) is a young mover. He is the 23-year-old, baby-faced, slit-eyed ("Don't call me Chinaman") quarterback of the St. Louis Cardinals, who took over from Army-bound Charley Johnson this year and, despite all those dire things that have been said about boys in men's jobs, is one of the main reasons his boss, Coach Charley Winner, has been able to live up to his name. Then there is Randy Johnson, also only 23 and two years out of Texas A&I. He quarterbacked the Atlanta Falcons, and if he is not a winner now he will be when his expansion team grows up. Kent

Nix is 23, too, and quarterbacking the Pittsburgh Steelers. And didn't he throw 28 completions a few weeks ago? Karl Sweetan is running Detroit's offense, and Joe Namath is the New York Jets.

But of all of these it is Jim Hart who currently is stirring the imagination of the pro football fan, who always seems to see a little of himself in his latest idol. Hart is a rookie in his first full season. He plays like a kid at times, but in the fourth quarter, when the game is right there for the taking, he takes, like Johnny Unitas and Bart Starr and Walter Mitty would, working the sidelines, then crossing the defense with the play that in retrospect one realizes was the only correct call and, finally, throwing touchdowns. True, he has had a lot of interceptions, and in two games—against the Green Bay Packers and the Washing-

ton Redskins—he committed seeming suicide by putting his club behind with an errant pass before members of the kickoff squad had time even to sit down. Far from panicking, though, he shrugged off the scores, calmly gathered his forces around him and got his team back in front. His passing just missed beating Green Bay. It did the Redskins in.

Hart, in fact, has had to rally the Cardinals from behind in practically every game they have played. They were losing to the Lions 14-0; then he threw a couple of touchdown passes, and they won 38-28. Against the Vikings in Minnesota, the Cardinals were losing 24-13 in the final quarter before Hart threw a touchdown pass that helped bring about a 34-24 win. On Hart's scoring pass, a 40-yard bomb thrown to rookie Dave Williams, he fell down on the

continued

CALM EVEN WHEN FACED WITH SURE DESTRUCTION, HART ALWAYS STANDS HIS GROUND AS HE SEARCHES FOR THE RIGHT RECEIVER



pocket, got up, rolled to his left and lofted the ball into Williams' arms.

On the field Hart plays with an animation that could be misconstrued as hot dog if it were not so natural to him. When he completes a pass for a touchdown or a substantial gain he stands on his toes, stretching his 6'2" frame so that he looks easily half a head taller. Or he jumps up and down and triumphantly waves his right hand, the way Dolph Schayes used to signal after scoring a basket. He looks as though he has a slight paunch (don't all football players?), and if he weighs 198 pounds right now, then he'll probably weigh 210 a week after the season ends.

Hart certainly does not qualify as a normal quarterback. He has tried to throw a football through a tire only twice in his life—and he missed both times. They loved him at Niles West High School in Skokie, Ill., but neither The Bear nor Darrell nor any of the other big-time college coaches pursued him with much fervor, so he went down to Southern Illinois University in Carbondale. "I could have gone to a bigger school, I guess," he says, "but I figured if I went to Southern Illinois I'd be a big fish in a small pond and get to play a lot." Southern Illinois, with some 12,500 students, was more like a Great Lake, but Hart did get to play a lot. Unfortunately, all three of his seasons on the varsity were regarded as rebuilding

years. The Salukis won eight games and lost 21 during that span. "We did beat Louisville twice," Hart says.

Then came the pro draft in November 1965, and for two days 22 teams, with agents in motel rooms all over the country, selected the nation's best college football seniors. They did not, of course, include Jim Hart. "I was really let down," he says. "Several teams had contacted me and told me not to worry, that they were going to take me. The Rams seemed really interested, but then they already had Billy Anderson, the quarterback at Tulsa, as a future. He's not around now."

Hart had an in with the Cardinals all the time, however, because his coach for the last two years at Southern Illinois was Don Shroyer, who had been a Cardinal assistant for two years and now is back working with them again. "I called and said that Jimmy was one great prospect, with a great arm and a good mind," Shroyer says. "and told them to sign him before someone else got lucky. He may not have had those great statistics that other college quarterbacks had, but I started 16 sophomores with him during his last year and every time he passed he did it while he was on his back."

A few days after Shroyer's call the Cardinals signed Hart as a free agent and gave him a little money, enough for an economy airport, perhaps, but cer-

tainly not a super-octane convertible. And to complete that fantasy of a pro quarterback, Hart married the girl who sat down next to him on a train taking Southern Illinois students back to Carbondale after an academic recess.

Although almost everything about Hart seems miscast, many football people are beginning to consider him the best young quarterback to play in the NFL since Johnny Unitas took over for George Shaw in Baltimore back in 1956. And he still is so young that he does not even know how to dress like a star quarterback. In contrast to the veterans, who wear conservative businessmen's suits and look as though they have just come from a client's meeting in the conference room at Batten, Batten, Dursten and Osborn, Hart arrives for practice every day looking, for the most part, like a college sophomore. His slacks are cuffed; he wears cordovan wingtips with laces and pulk cashmere V-neck sweaters over button-down oxford shirts, open at the top. And he's a brown-bagger: for lunch at Card practice he carries two ham sandwiches and a bag of potato chips packed by his wife Mary.

The ingenuousness may be purposeful. "This all worries me, being the No. 1 quarterback," he said after the Redskins game. "This could go to your head, you know, and you could change your whole personality. I try to convince myself every day that I'll always be the type of person I am now and I was last year. I'm going to work at not getting a big head. It could ruin you."

Hart has a double personality, the one he exhibits on the field—confidence and cockiness, but never with a swagger—and the one he shows everywhere else—concern for his contemporaries and regard for the proper way to live.

"He's a cocky kid when he puts on that uniform, but not that kind of cocky," says Ken Gray, the Cardinals' good offensive guard. "I mean, he's confident, and he's the boss. Johnson was confident, but he never showed it. This boy shows it to us. We kid him in the huddle and everything, but we want to make sure he never gets hit."

Against Philadelphia, Hart took a little too much time to throw a pass, and a defensive lineman enveloped him in a gorilla hug and threw him to the ground, bruising one of his ribs. Hart walked back to the huddle, shaking his head, and said, "Gee, guys, that hurt."

continued



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Boh Reynolds, the tackle, muttered, "Kid, you can't take 10 seconds back here," and everyone laughed.

"He hasn't chewed us out yet for anything," says Mrs. Goode, the other starting guard, "but you know he will one of these days. Just like Charley used to do on occasion. I expected this kid to be scared and nervous, just a bit, you know, like any other 23-year-old would be, but he wasn't."

His youth does not make Hart humble. "They have a job to do," he says, "and I have a job to do. And the quarterback has got to be the boss on the field." He does not scare, either, as Ray Nitschke, the middle linebacker for the Packers, found out when he tried to intimidate Hart in Green Bay territory. "We had a fourth down and one," says Hart, "and when I came up over center there was Nitschke, dancing around and daring me to 'come right at me, kid.' You should have seen him—that big gap in his mouth behind his face mask yelling at me. No, I didn't run at him. We went the other way and got the first down."

Each week, while Hart has been learning to turn such challenges into advantages, Charley Johnson, free from his military duties on weekends, has been suited up on the sidelines, but now as the Cardinals' No. 2 quarterback. In constant contact with Hart, Johnson has counseled him about the defenses, what plays might work and other intelligence. But he has played only a few minutes as Hart's understudy.

"I see him standing there on the sidelines, all alone," says Hart, "and I know it hurts him not being out on the field. This was his team. He grew up here with these same players. This was going to be their year, and now he is doing his military service."

After their victories the Cardinals, like all pro teams, generally celebrate with a party at a player's house. A few weeks ago the boys were heading for a celebration at Billy Gambrell's. As Gambrell was leaving the clubhouse, he motioned to Hart. "See you at my place," Hart looked at Gambrell rather quizzically and said, "I don't know if I can make it, Billy, I've got to see what Mary's got planned." Gambrell, a tough little flanker whose curly hair stands straight on his head, acted as if he could not believe what he had heard and walked back toward Hart. "Listen, you're the quar-

terback around here," he said. "You're the boss. You make the plans. Hear?"

Hart heard. "I've only been married a few months now," he said, "and you can't tell brides what to do right off. It's got to be 50-50—a compromise." Gambrell, shaking his head, said, "I don't know. We asked him to play golf with us a few Mondays ago, and he said he'd have to check with Mary first. Imagine. Our fearless leader having to ask if he can play golf on his one day off. He'll learn."

But Hart does worry about what people think of him. He played on the taxi squad a year ago, and now when he walks past members without speaking cab boys might say to him, kiddingly, "Fame. Look what it's done to Jim Hart." It may be a joke to them. It is not to Hart, who wonders about himself and frets that he may be forgetting some of his old friends.

Oddly, the pressure of a game does not bother him, anyway not the night before, when he sleeps soundly. It is Friday night that kills him. "I play the game over at least three times," he says, "deciding what I'll call. I wake up tossing and turning, and one night I was awakened by my wife screaming. She said I was squeezing her head and holding it like a football. Really weird."

Nightmarish is the word that sprang to the minds of some when it was learned that the Cardinals were forced to replace their No. 1 quarterback with a lary-faced kid the team called Peach Fuzz. "They always ask me if I've shaved yet this week," says Hart. The standard procedure with quarterbacks such as Hart has been to condition them to the subtleties of professional play by having them relay instructions from spotters in the press box to the coaches and players on the field. After a year or two of wearing a telephone headset they were supposed to be ready to put on a helmet and take their first tentative steps on the playing field. Gary Coonzo, George Mara, Jack Concannon and Dick Shiner, among others, were brought along this way, and Coach Winner saw no reason to change the process for Jim Hart.

"You could see that someday he would be a good quarterback," says Winner, "because he did everything a good quarterback does. I was with the Colts when Unitas took over, and although Jimmy is not a Unitas—there'll

continued

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PEACH FUZZ *continued*

never be another Unitas, not in our time—he certainly was the best young quarterback I had seen."

Then, in November of last year, Johnson suffered what had come to be regarded as his annual injury—this time to his right knee. Terry Nofsinger, an experienced back-up man, became the regular quarterback, and Hart began his apprenticeship as a telephone operator. He became a player for the first time in the fourth quarter of the final game, when St. Louis was losing by four touchdowns.

As promising as Hart was, the Cardinals were not nearly ready to rely on him. In the off season they traded Nofsinger to Atlanta and tried to acquire Bill Munson from the Rams, or Cuozzo, still with the Colts, to back up Johnson. Neither, however, was available, and St. Louis suddenly found itself in the precarious position of opening training camp with only a brittle Johnson and an untested rookie.

Hart's reaction to his promotion by default was, as his teammates were soon to discover, typical. Rather than being awed, he was determined to be a good guy. "At camp, I made up my mind to be patient and try to learn all about quarterbacking," says Hart. "I was not going to be like some other No. 2 quarterbacks and go around asking to be traded or else. Personally, I felt that we'd get far enough in front of some teams that I'd be able to play quite a bit."

That, it soon developed, became pro football's understatement of the year. To the horror of Cardinal fans, Johnson was called into the Army, and it seemed that disaster had struck. Even Hart, with all his confidence, did not expect to remain the No. 1 quarterback for long. "Right off," he says, "I thought they would try to trade for an experienced quarterback, because I didn't think they thought I was ready."

The St. Louis management thought about getting a veteran to play quarterback, but the players available, people like Earl Morrall of the Giants and Jim Ninowski, then with the Browns, did not strike them as the answer. "We really wanted someone to build on, to grow with," says Winner. "We could see that Hart had improved tremendously, though he still threw a lot of interceptions in camp, and it was a fairly simple decision. I just told him that he was our No. 1 quarterback and that we were going to go with him all the way. We

continued

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PEACH FUZZ *continued*

all liked him. He had confidence in himself, and he could charge the other guys. There was no question he had the ability. We just didn't know if that ability was ready to come out yet."

Hart always could pass. He throws a very light ball that receivers like to catch because it does not hurt their hands, and he can throw the ball as far as necessary with considerable accuracy. He has completed close to 50% of his passes this year, above average for a young quarterback, and he is not afraid to pass despite those interceptions.

"My high school coach at Skokie, Mike Basrak, who used to be a center for the Steelers, put all the thoughts about quarterbacking in my head," says Hart. "He told me what happens to quarterbacks who run all the time. He told me to stay in the pocket. Drop back fast. Set up. Release quickly. And that's what I try to do." ("It's damn disheartening" for us linemen to be there, ready to hit him, and then have him get that ball off so fast," shrugged Willie Davis of the Packers.)

The exhibition season, during which the Cardinals lost four of their five games, was mostly a period of adjustment and orientation, not only for Hart but also for the rest of the Cardinals. The receivers, who were so used to Johnson that they could freelance a pattern and expect the ball to be there, now had to run strict patterns, turning at exact moments to catch a ball that should be on the mark. The offensive linemen diligently overemphasized pass blocking during their workouts, aware that a new quarterback might be subjected to sustained blitzes and that at times he might wait too long to pass.

Hart himself worked particularly hard to refine his timing on passing. Still, he threw as many as three interceptions a game during the exhibition season. Then on opening day against the New York Giants he threw four more, and the Cardinals suffered an upset.

"I think we all wanted things to come too fast," Hart says of that game. And maybe the purists were right. Kuhn can't play quarterback.

If the last thought crossed Cardinal minds, it was soon forgotten, as everything began to work better. Hart and his receivers synchronized their timing, and he and rookie receiver Williams, the leaper from the University of Washington who was regarded as so fine a

continued

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prospect that St. Louis felt safe in trading off former All-Pro Split End Sonny Randle to San Francisco, made a slight technical adjustment that has meant touchdowns for the Cardinals. "We weren't clicking," says Williams, "and I knew something was wrong. Jimmy was throwing his deep passes on a fairly low trajectory. I told him I'd rather have him throw the ball up and let me run under it, and since then that's what we've been doing." So, against the Packers, Hart lofted two long passes that Williams stole away from Herb Adderley for touchdowns. And his interceptions, despite the five he threw Sunday in a bad game against Chicago, are about normal for the NFL.

Hart also has begun to call automatics more frequently, and the coaches now send in fewer plays from the bench. At the start of the season, for instance, the coaches called about 50% of the Cardinals' offensive plays, whereas Charley Johnson was left on his own at least 80% of the time. When the Cardinals were inside the 10-yard line during early games the coaches called all the plays, but against Washington, a few weeks ago, Hart himself signaled for a look-in pass to Bobby Joe Conrad that went for a touchdown. The experienced quarterback—say a Unitas or a Starr—might switch plays at the line of scrimmage 20% to 25% of the time. At the beginning Hart rarely checked off. Now he does it on every fourth or, at most, fifth play.

Hart, too, has been blitzed less frequently than the Cardinals expected. This possibly is because he has been able to pick up the telltale signs of the blitz early and to adjust to it with an audible. Against the Eagles, for example, he recognized a safety blitz, called an automatic and hit Jackie Smith with a 74-yard touchdown pass. He did the same thing again with a 31-yard scoring pass to Conrad. Long touchdown passes through the vacated safety area will halt blitzing every time.

It is possible that the pressures will mount on the 23-year-old Hart and that he will lose his poise, at least temporarily, before he becomes the complete quarterback. Possible, but not probable. Saturnine Vince Lombardi, for one, is not counting on Hart to panic. "He's a professional quarterback right now," the Green Bay coach says, and he has been on the receiving end of the young mover's own style of happiness. **END**

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Frengo-Hibernian relations teetered when M. André and his hunting party arrived at O'Keeffe's Hotel, but soon even Minahene and 'Mignonne' Mery seemed ready to sing the 'Marseillaise' by CLIVE GAMMON

AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT IN CORK

The sporting weekend of M. André Tavernier began in earnest with eight straight Irish coffees taken in the bar of O'Keeffe's Hotel, Ross Carbery, County Cork. Much enthused by this traditional nightcap, invented long ago by a publicity man at Shannon Airport, M. André, gaily dressed *pour le sport* in reindeer-skin moccasins, breeches, a shooting vest by Esquimaux of Paris and a tartan beret, made a determined move toward the kitchen. A cluster of dishes, a shrill cry from the darkened passage, and Mary broke cover like a jacksnipe, dodging through the darts players and heading north for safety. Defeated but undaunted, M. André returned to his friends, M. Georges, M. Jean and M.



René. "She is *mignonme*, that one," he pronounced—a thought that had not previously occurred to the long line of dark-complexioned West Corkmen who continued to sit silently over their pints of stout as they do on 365 evenings of the year, O'Keefe's being closed on Good Friday and for the Feast of St. Patrick.

The Irish sporting scene has never lacked color, from salmon fishing down to donkey racing on the sands. But in the last year or two it has been further illuminated by a new phenomenon, the arrival each season of small parties of French hunters in pursuit of the duck, snipe and woodcock that winter in the west of Ireland. In Ross Carbery the

stories are already passing into local history: how the first party arrived; how O'Keefe had stocked up with shells for the fortnight, and how the lot had been fired off by lunchtime on the first day; how the skylarks and sparrows all moved northwest into County Kerry; how, before the week was out, O'Keefe was lying stretched across the kitchen table, and Kathleen O'Keefe herself picking the No. 6 shot out of him. M. André and his friends were heirs to what was already a great tradition.

A great cross-pollination of cultures, if you'd listen to O'Keefe, who has now forgotten and forgiven being mistaken for a dog fox, but who remembers in great detail how the Irish fought along-

side the French at the Battle of Fontenoy in 1745—against the English, naturally—and how Hennessy's brandy is the direct result of an Irish earl's exile to the vineyards of France at about the same date.

But since André's attempt to put Franco-Hibernian relations on an even firmer footing had, for the moment, failed, I took the chance of asking O'Keefe about the arrangements for the morning.

"You'll want to go up to the Clounities crossroads," he said, "and you'll find Jack Minahane there. I'll draw you a map, so." An elaborate sketch took shape on the back of a menu. "Now that," said O'Keefe, "is the road to Skibbereen. You don't want to go there."

continued



He screwed up the menu, flipped it behind the bar and began a fresh one that incorporated stylish impressions of a creamery, a bridge and a public house. The Frenchmen crowded around. The plan was that I should lead the way in the morning and they would follow.

"If they see three cars together in Drinagh," said a Corkman, mentioning a village en route, "they'll think 'tis a funeral or an election."

"It's duck you'll be after tomorrow," said O'Keefe. "Can-wit sau-ree and sar-vee," he added helpfully. This got through to André, Georges, Jean and René, who nodded enthusiastically. Maillard and I, in other words, in the little reedy loughs along the green hills above the village. I took O'Keefe to one side and put it to him that 10 in the morning was a queer time to go duck hunting. Why didn't we get out to the lake before the first light, hide in the reeds and wait for the flitting birds? He gave me a pitying look. "What," he said, "and have all our beautiful ducks destroyed on us? Sure, they'll get all the fun they want, blazing and banging away

out there tomorrow, and no harm done at all."

It looked in any case as if an early start would be beyond wish or power of the cross-Channel boys, who by now had discovered that you can leave the coffee, cream and sugar out of Irish coffee without affecting the essential virtue of it. *Le whiskey irlandais* was making a big impression. A tasting session developed, the respective qualities of Powers, Jameson and Paddy, the local Cork brew, becoming the matter of earnest debate. A sinister suggestion by one of the stout drinkers that a drop of the real hard mountainy stuff might be available was instantly quashed by O'Keefe. "Them days is gone," he said obscurely. The night moved peacefully towards its close with a little singing and a little dancing by one of the small silent men who suddenly got up, executed an intricate jig without music, then returned to his place. The last thing I remember is a high-pitched voice from the kitchen declaring to God that if Mrs. O'Keefe expected her to take early-morning tea up to thim Frinchen then, begging her pardon, but it would be the bus to Cork City she'd take, not the tea at all. "Knock," said a calm voice, "and leave it outside the door."

My tea was delivered personally, though I don't know if that was a compliment. "Thank you," I said. "*Comme tu es mignonne, Marie*." She fled, terrified. That would teach her to underestimate the Anglo-Saxons.

It was the crack of dawn, 9 o'clock of a beautiful West Cork morning, cold, clear, a blue sky, a crackling of ice in the gutters. The hills, even in winter, were luminously green-patched with dark furze, brown bracken, white rock outcrops. André and the boys were already downstairs, laughing and joking as if they had gone to bed at 10 with glasses of hot milk; and they kept it up through duck hunters' breakfasts of bacon, sausage, eggs and thick brown bread. "*Où est ma petite? Ou est Marie?*" warbled André, tubby, jolly, ready for anything. Miscellaneous weapons, cartridge belts and hats were scattered about. Georges produced black Brazilian cigars, insisted we light up, then strode out to see if the bar could be opened. Something told me that I, and O'Keefe, too, had been underestimating these sports.

Georges did get the bar opened up

before our little motorcade eased out of sleepy Ross Carbery, every man lined up with antifreeze for the day ahead. Frost sparkled on the grass, and a skim of ice on the road added a sporting touch to the drive. We identified the creamery and pub, slalomed round a series of bends, slithered with an inch to spare past a station wagon being driven furiously by a nun, then fished up at the Clountas crossroads where, incredibly for West Cork, Jack Minahane was waiting, dead on time, a big, red-faced man with a swagger stick, two dogs and a son, Sean, who was maybe 12 years old and clearly suffering from excruciating, paralyzing shyness. André tripped him up, pulled his hair and presented him with a huge bar of chocolate. It worked. For the rest of the day André had a slave.

Jack was not to be won over quite so easily. "Good morning," he said, then repeated, "Good morning," in the manner of an infantry sergeant temporarily and mysteriously transferred to language-teaching duties. "Good morning!" everyone chorused dutifully. It was clear that English was the language from now on. Since none of the Frenchmen knew more than a few words, this was to lead to certain difficulties, none of which Minahane considered his responsibility. Tribute in the form of the Paddy bottle was offered and accepted. At Minahane's command, I opened the trunk of my car and the dogs scrambled in readily. Minahane himself got in beside me with rather more difficulty, and a rich aroma of red setter, Paddy, very old tweed and Mick McGuade cut-plug tobacco drifted across. A long experience of sport in Ireland dictated my next move. I brought out a quarter bottle of Paddy, and asked if he had a pocket big enough to slip it in, my own being too small. With an Irish guide, always play it subtle. That way you will often get a sip of it yourself before the day is out. In response, he leaned over confidentially. "Now, I want to give you a bit of advice, me old stock. Thim Frinches, they're not like you and me." At this flattering implication I nodded understandingly, hypocritically. "Stay close to me," he went on, "well in the rear. Mind you, I've nothing against them. But they're all bloody mad."

"What, all of them?" I said.

"All the ones I've met. And the woman is the worst."



"SHE IS 'MIGNONNE', THAT ONE"



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I dared not ask what dark trauma in the West Cork bogs had occasioned this evidently sincere belief.

"Pull up here now, on the left," he said, reverting to his military manner. I slipped into the gap and the other cars followed. I opened the trunk and the dogs leaped out. Steam rose from the rubber mat.

André, Georges, Jean and René lined up like recruits. André's tartan hat, so gay as we left O'Keefe's, seemed to droop a little. "You two," roared Minahane, "get over there. Over there! You go with them, Sean. Take them up to the far end of the lake." André and Georges detached themselves and made off. "You two, follow me!" Thus to Jean and René, older, somewhat more staid men. Across a stone wall we went, the Frenchmen religiously breaking their guns before they crossed. Judy, the red setter, snuffed her way ahead toward the lakeshore. It was a small lake with reed beds and an island in the middle, and at one point it narrowed considerably.

"Down there, you! G'wan out of it, get down there, you bloody idiot!" Minahane whispered hoarsely. I swung round nervously, but he was addressing not me but Judy, the setter bitch. We pressed on to the boggy shore. René was sent off to an alder clump at the near end of the lake. Jean, with Minahane and myself well behind, made for the neck. The mallard were swimming in a neat flotilla at the central point of the widest part of the lake, as well they might be at that time of day. But as we slogged forward through the high, wet tussocks a couple of teal rocketed out of the reeds. "Mark!" yelled Minahane, but there was no need. Jean dropped the pair of them with a left and right straight out of the book. You could almost see Minahane chopping off the stream of abuse ready on his tongue. Instead he yelled for Judy again, "Seek dead! Seek dead!" Gallant Judy plunged into the marshy shallows in a tumult of brown bog water and crackling ice where the birds had gone down. "Two hundred pounds I turned down for her," said Minahane proudly, and you could see why when she brought in the first, then the second bird. Jean, an appreciative spectator of this, warm in the afterglow of his success, complimented Minahane on his dog in courteous French. The Irishman was melting visibly. Something like a

smile crossed his face. He permitted himself a short snort of Paddy, then accepted a chocolate bar. Things might have been different after that, except that this was the precise moment André and Georges chose to initiate a heavy and prolonged bombardment of the mallard flotilla which was now riding at anchor at mid-water.

The ducks, offended, swam slowly and with dignity perhaps 50 yards up the lake, which occasioned an enthusiastic fusillade from René, down in the reeds at our end.

Minahane's reaction was unforeseen. "That's the way, boys!" he roared. "Keep it up. Bang away!" He was happy because things were now developing as he had expected. "Mark! Mark!" he yelled gaily, as the ducks, now thoroughly outraged, took off and gained height instantly like jet fighters. I lost sight of them, then picked them up, black specks against the winter sun. "Mark!" came the cry again, and a reef of gunsmoke drifted across the water as shot after shot echoed in the stillness. Judy was making little excited hops as she waited to be told to seek. She couldn't know just how far out of range those ducks were. "That's the way they like it, old stock," said Minahane to me. "Plenty of action." The safest ducks in West Cork circled the lake again at great height, then came in as everyone was reloading, plopping down into the middle of the lake again and resuming flotilla positions.

"Those ducks, they were possibly too high to be hit?" asked Georges, mildly.

"High, is it?" Minahane was indignant. "Mr. O'Keefe would have had six brace out of that lot. Or this gentleman here." Because of gun club regulations I would have to wait until the next day for my sport. Minahane had never seen me shoot. Yes, O'Keefe or I would have had six brace—with guided missiles, maybe. We returned to the cars in a thoughtful silence.

As soon as we got there an ill-omened snipe decided to get up from behind the hedge. Possibly stung by his earlier failure, André swung his barrel at it as it crossed the road. I am too young to have served in the last war, but I have watched a lot of movies on the subject, and I knew just what to do. I hit the concrete hard, and a heavy impact to my right as a shot roared out told me that Minahane had been to the

movies as well. When it became clear that a second shot was not coming, I got up cautiously. André was beaming. "I ave 'it 'im," he said. Minahane was slowly rising to his feet, seemingly unwounded. So it was the snipe André meant. Judy was dispatched to seek dead. But the winged bird got up again as she approached. Seven shots and half a mile farther, the snipe rose no more but swung gaily at André's belt.

By that time also, Minahane had recovered his composure. He announced it was lunchtime and laid alternative plans before us. "We could," he said plaintively, "eat our bit of dinner out here on the road, for there's shelter in the lee of the cars, and we could be squatting down there. Or," his voice strengthened, "we could nip in below to Walsh's and take our ease by the fire. It's a matter of no concern to me."

"We're off to the pub," I translated for the benefit of the French.

Walsh's turned out to be a small whitewashed house on a bare crossroads with no other place in sight. Inside it was hardly swinging. Two postmen were having a crafty pint in a corner. A farmer in steel-rimmed glasses was reading the Cork *Examiner*. "Things is bloody terrible in China," he told us seriously as we entered. André moved into the buying position. "*Le whiskey Irishman*," he ordered confidently. Automatically, everyone in the room, including the postmen, got a drink. The pale girl behind the bar selected two pound notes from André's wallet in helpful fashion. Minahane allowed himself to be pressured into an immediate second one to replace the first, which he had drunk in slightly less than two seconds.

"Come over here now till I tell you," he whispered to me confidentially. "We can keep this lot safe in here for the afternoon, so long as we get the singing going." I don't know what made him pick me for an ally, or whether it could be assumed, just by looking at me, that here was a man who would prefer to sit in the pub all the fine winter's afternoon than quarter a bog for snipe. But Minahane assumed precisely that. "When we've finished the sandwiches," he muttered, "just buy another round of drinks and call for a song. Leave the rest to me."

It didn't look as if it needed any kind of plot to detain André, at least, for he, having munched his way steadily through

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INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT

an impressive portion of the gray mutton sandwiches put up at O'Keefe's, was clearly in good form. The black Brazilian cigars had gone round again, and André was using his in a graphic demonstration of how he had finally laid the snipe low. "*La beauséant, elle tombe*!" he concluded triumphantly. Fresh drinks kept arriving as Georges, René and Jean vied to pay. It didn't seem likely that there would be any afternoon postal delivery in the district, and the farmer had stopped worrying about China.

Nevertheless, Minahane nudged me. "Go ahead now," he said. It was time I bought a drink anyway. "What about a song?" I asked dutifully. There was no hesitation. As obedient as Judy, young Sean put aside his orange soda and, in a thin treble, got to work on a long ballad concerning the misdeeds half a century ago of the British army in the town of Bantry. The French were frankly puzzled at this dinge, which corresponded but little with their idea of *le jig à l'anglais*. They were polite, but restless. If Minahane wasn't careful their thoughts were going to wander off onto *cumors, wacells, beauséant* and that kind of thing.

The pale girl behind the bar saved the situation, having also a certain interest in keeping the guests happy and seated. She launched into *Finnegan's Wake*, not the celebrated novel of that name but a lively song about a Dublin bricklayer who attended his own funeral. The words came too fast for André and his friends, but the tune had the shooting boots beating out jig time on the wooden floor of Walsh's.

Even then, Minahane couldn't leave it alone. Flushed with Paddy, he announced a recitation, and what should he give us but *Nell Flaherty's Drake*, that remarkable poem which outlines in seven vindictive stanzas the curses heaped on the villain that slaughtered the harmless creature:

*The dear little fella
His legs they were tellin'
He'd fit like a swallow in slits like a
lute
But some dirty savage
To grease his white cabbage
Has murdered Nell Flaherty's beautiful
drake.*

That was it. Georges knew enough English to respond instantly. "The ducks, they awan us," he cried, and,

though it was 10 minutes more before we got André out onto the road, we were eventually organized, the dogs in the trunk and Minahane pointing out virtuously that we had wasted enough time and that there was a fine head of birds on Corran Lake.

We crossed a field to get to the lake valley. There, peacefully feeding, were two dozen green plover, Georges' eyes gleamed. "May we shoot these?" he asked. "Shoot anything you like, me old stock," said Minahane, winking heavily at me. Georges gave them both barrels, and they took off laboriously, leaving one of their number behind. André focused long enough to take this in. "*Amusez*!" he carolled. "*Rygarde l'avantage*!" Georges remained unshaken. He also now had a bird at his belt.

Once again we split into two parties to beat the lakeshore, one on either bank. We worked down through the bogland. "Stay behind me and you'll never get your feet wet," whispered Minahane to me. "Watch that fella now." That fella was Georges, in front of him an expanse of suspiciously green grass. "I told you," said Minahane complacently as Georges suddenly sank to the cartridge belt in black County Cork ooze. "I'd better get him out of it. Sean!" he bellowed. "Drag the gentleman out!" It was tough work holding the eager hunters up while we disoriented Georges, but it was done. Judy pressed on ahead, then paused meaningfully by an alder clump. "G'wan into it!" urged Minahane. Judy dived in. There was a wild rustling, and she emerged with a lively water hen in her mouth. "Spit the bloody thing out," said Minahane, disgruntled, and it scuttled back into the alders.

No duck so far, but a small gray bird got up from a hush and André gunned it down. No need for the dog, André picked it up and waded across with it. "You are calling this one 'ew'?" he asked. "That," said Minahane coldly, "is known as a song thrush."

"Ah, yes, song thrush," said André, carefully committing the name to memory as he lashed it to his belt beside the snipe.

"Sure," said Minahane to me. "The boys musta been down the lake this morning before work." There was certainly no evidence of duck, but out in the middle of the water swam a small black bird, a cnot by the look of it. Our

cohort opened fire. The coot shifted uneasily as shot raked the water 50 yards from it. Then it started to scuttle across the surface under more sharp fire before it got up a foot or so with heavy wingbeats and went as hard as it could for the reeds, only to be met with flanking fire from René, who had dropped a little behind. Out it swung again for the center, and Judy, whose day had been a frustrating one, could contain herself no longer. Into the icy water she went, hell-for-leather toward the coot.

For swimming pace, it was about an even match, and Minahane would have been laying the odds in another minute, but the old coot had a final weapon in its armory. With a flip of the tail, it submerged. Judy, head down for maximum streamlining, missed the disappearing act, kept on for a few yards then stopped swimming in anguished surprise. The coot bobbed up behind her, then dived again. Judy began paddling in circles, infuriated. Finally, the coot surfaced near the reeds on the far side, crashed into them and was never seen again.

Minahane rallied the hunters once more into good skimming order. "There's one more place we'll try," he said, "and that's the Carrigillibog Bog. There's a power of snipe in it."

So there were, indeed. And there were also deep bog holes under a skim of ice, and the bog moss frozen into crystal patterns. In the last light of the day, against a red, mournful sun sinking toward the Derrynasaggart Mountains, the snipe broke out at all the fast crazy angles, as they can, the hardest shot of all, and André, René, Jean and Georges brought them down with brilliant accuracy, killing eight out of 10, maybe.

"I told you, didn't I," whispered Minahane fiercely. "They're all bloody mad, the lot of them. What were they doing all the time with coot and the plovers when they can shoot like that? They're not like me and you at all." He gazed at them in baffled wonderment.

Back at O'Keefe's, the Frenchmen had one drink, then brought their luggage down. "We are off now to the County Kerry," Georges announced.

So the sparrows and skylarks could start moving back again.

Mary poked her nose out of the kitchen. "We are leaving now, *mon petit*," said André, blowing her a kiss.

She didn't say anything, but I'll swear she looked disappointed. **END**

Are you a "financial independent"?

by Hans Gehrke,

President, United States Savings and Loan League



Independence is a cherished American tradition. Most of us like to regard ourselves as independent in one way or another—independent thinkers, perhaps, or independent voters. Financial independence is also important in your day-to-day life. Not great wealth, but enough to instill the confidence born of knowing you can care for yourself in any financial emergency.

The Nation's savings and loan associations are dedicated to building the number of "financial independents" by meeting two basic family needs: To have money when you need it and to own a home for your family. We offer a safe place for your savings and generous earnings for their use. Then we lend your savings to families wishing to build or buy homes.

We read constantly about the debts Americans assume. There is another story to be told. During 1967, the number of savings accounts in savings and loan associations rose by more than a million and the total number is now over 43,000,000. Imagine 43,000,000 savers working toward financial independence—building financial self-reliance. Since each savings account averages about \$2,900, total savings in savings and loan associations amount to over \$124 billion. This year, more than \$5.4 billion in dividends will be distributed to our savers.

The best brains in the savings and loan business are constantly thinking of new ways to serve you, to serve the public. We want to make it just as easy and just as attractive to save money as to spend it. We want to remind people, young people, particularly, that a part of all they earn should be theirs to keep. We want to remind them it is rather useless to work for years on a financial treadmill without putting something aside. We want to help new families and new wage-earners to start on the road to financial independence. We want to help parents set a good example for their children.

We want to provide simple, reasonable, and flexible mortgages when families are ready to build or buy a home, a larger home, a second home or a retirement home.

1967 has been another good year for "financial independents." They have received a good return on their savings. Many people write about the high cost of home financing, but we have seen very few articles about the high rate people are enjoying on the savings they have set aside from the fruits of their labor. There should be a reasonable return on savings as well as a reasonable rate on mortgages. Remember, we are speaking for 43,000,000 savers who sometimes seem neglected—43,000,000 seekers of financial independence.

Savings and Loan Associations

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The chant at Purdue is 'Give it to Leroy'

Not in years has the Big Ten seen an all-everything back like Leroy Keyes, the netlon's leading scorer who is running, passing, kicking and even intercepting the Boilermakers toward their first title since 1952

Marvin Leroy Keyes really is only one person, but try telling that to Ara Parseghian or Woody Hayes or Murray Warmath. Just try to convince them that the tall, trim No. 23, who on an afternoon has rushed for a couple of hundred yards coming off the top of the I, who has caught half a dozen passes as a flanker, who has thrown a pass or two for touchdowns himself on the half-back option, who has knocked down and intercepted passes while playing in Purdue's secondary and who has kicked off eight yards deep into your end zone four or five times, is just one player.

Or even better, try it on Duffy Daugherty, who is still counting all those No. 23s. Duffy was the latest to get the Keyes treatment. He brought his Michigan State team into West Lafayette last Saturday to play Purdue, and while being trotted—21-7, this time—is not exactly

a novel experience for the 1967 version of the Spartans, rarely has a team had so much pain inflicted on it by one person.

Leroy Keyes, a happy warrior who is so exhilarated by the game of football that he has been known to burst out laughing on the huddle for the sheer joy of it, rushed for 194 yards against Michigan State, going inside and outside, staying upright when he should have been supine, and turning nothing into something. He threw a pass for Purdue's first touchdown, caught a pass for another a few plays later, and near the end—when Michigan State was mounting a drive—ran in a Keyes on defense.

There was nothing unusual about Keyes's behavior on this Saturday afternoon. Purdue, in winning eight of nine games, is ranked third nationally, and it has gotten there with an offense that

averages 27 points a game. Keyes contributes 15 points of this all by himself. He has scored 19 of Purdue's 40 touchdowns and passed for 3 others. He is the national scoring leader, and, when he caught a 20-yard pass from Quarterback Mike Phipps in the first period, he once again broke his own Big Ten touchdown record.

Most pro scouts believe Keyes—unlike most do-everything backs who rarely do any one thing superlatively well—could make the All-Pro team, and you name the position.

Because local drumbeaters are pushing Keyes hard, and with considerable justification, for Heisman Trophy honors, even though he is only a junior, it comes as no shock to hear Purdue Coach Jack Mollenkopf say such things as: "I saw Red Grange and I saw Tom Harmon but. . . ." Yet opposing coaches are

crossed



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not far behind Mollenkopf in their assessment of the Big Ten's most exciting player.

Minnesota's Murray Warmath, not normally given to spitting, says: "He's, he's, he's . . . he's absolutely fantastic. I've never seen another like him." What Keys did to Minnesota was rush for 90 yards, catch six passes for 65 yards and score three touchdowns against one of the best defenses in the country.

The section of Newport News, Virginia where Leroy Keys was born and raised is an ill-defined area in which a game—any game, starting with ring-around-the-rosy—is approached with the verve of a full evening at your neighborhood dueling club. The ultimate of these games was football. As a seventh-grader Keys was not eligible to play on a team that had such luxuries as equipment, but this did nothing to stop the South Side from taking on the North Side on any old unused field, nor was the blocking and tackling less crisp for the want of a helmet. "You survive in those games," says Keys, "and you got it made." Self-preservation was Keys's motive for learning the basic art of outrunning anyone in the neighborhood (he is a 9.8 sprinter) and, when direct confrontation was inevitable, Leroy mastered a stouter step that would free him again.

"It's simple," says Warren Coleman, who was Keys's high school coach. "First you throw away your left arm. Then you kick off your right foot, flip away your left foot, toss your head up in the air three or four times and if there is anything left over that moves, shake it. I've seen Leroy do that and guys on both teams just crumple all over the field."

By the time he was a senior in high school, Keys was a lanky 6' 3" with an unending urge to play games. As a basketball player he averaged 27.5 points. He was a .295-hitting shortstop, and he got off a 24' 4½" broad jump that still stands as a Virginia state record. He also scored 21 touchdowns for the football team and listened to 85 recruiters before ending up at Purdue.

Last year Keys hurt his shoulder three weeks before Purdue's first big game, against Notre Dame. He was fit in time to play, but by then Mollenkopf had already established an offense and did not feel a sophomore halfback was

needed. So Keys played defense. The first time he handled the ball was when he plucked an Irish fumble out of the air, and no one has to tell Leroy what to do with a football in his hands. He ran it back 95 yards for a touchdown.

He proved to be an outstanding cornerback, especially by college standards, with a rare instinct for pass defense. "I watch a film of a receiver for a few minutes," said Keys, "and it's like I've known him all my life." So it seems. Later that year Jerry Levas of SMU went elbow to elbow with Keys and ended up with only two receptions off Leroy all day, while Keys intercepted one pass and returned it 53 yards.

With the development of another sophomore, Tim Foley, as a cornerback this season, Mollenkopf became genius in residence at Purdue by switching Keys to offense. "He'd make All-American no matter which way I play him,"

says Mollenkopf, "but if I moved him back to defense now there would be a petition out to get my job."

"Fans sure are thoughtless," offered a sympathizer.

"I'd be the first to sign the petition," said Mollenkopf.

So now, "Give the Ball to Leroy" is the cheer heard at Purdue games whenever something special is needed—and the team usually follows the plea of the crowd. Keys moves from flanker to the top of the I, there is a hush, and everybody in the state of Indiana knows what is going to happen. The play is called a "21" in the huddle, and a Here-Comes-Leroy play in the grandstand. It starts as a simple sweep, with Keys either turning the corner or cutting inside. And right there the name of the play changes to There Goes Leroy. At Purdue, that's the name of the game, too.

—Tom C. BARRY

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST 1. PENN. STATE (7-2) 2. ARMY (8-1) 3. SYRACUSE (7-2)

Penn State Coach Joe Paterno's big worry before the season began was his defense. Too many sophomores, he said. But week after week the sophomore defenders have been saving games for the Nittany Lions, and last Saturday they won one by doing the scoring themselves. Sophomore Halfback Bob Capreito intercepted an Ohio University pass and ran it back 90 yards, sophomore Linebacker Dennis Oskutz, who carries the ball like the quarterback he used to be, returned a punt 56 yards and Ed Frank Spoziani blocked a punt and raced 26 yards, all for touchdowns, as Penn State beat Ohio U. 35-14 for its sixth straight.

It was almost the sorriest week of the season for Army. First, the Pentagon barred the Cadets from participating in a postseason bowl, and then Pti nearly made the ruling strictly academic by taking a 12-7 lead into the fourth quarter. Sluggish all the way, Army finally rallied to win 21-12 when Halfback Lynn Moore ploughed one yard for a touchdown, and minutes later Quarterback Steve Lindell ran 12 for another score.

Navy was not quite so lucky. The Midshipmen, leading Vanderbilt 28-15 on Quarterback John Cartwright's passing (for two touchdowns) and running (for one), fumbled away its edge and had to scramble to salvage a 35-35 tie. Cartwright, who broke

Roger Staubach's single-game total offense record with 358 yards, got Navy even with a 14-yard pass to End Rob Taylor with 44 seconds to go. But John Church's try for the winning point was blown off target by a 40-mph wind.

Syracuse, getting more versatile in the game, threw the ball 24 times against Boston College, but Fullback Larry Coska's running was the big reason the Orange beat BC 32-20. Coska, who had already broken Floyd Little's career rushing record, carried 30 times for 154 yards to bring his season total to 1,068 with a game still to go. How does he compare with Jim Brown? "Larry doesn't have Brown's speed," says Coach Ben Schwartzwalder, "but I don't think the opposition was as tough when Jimmy played for me."

The Ivy League race is over. Yale Coach Carmen Cozza was worried about Princeton's single wing. "They ought to ban it," he said, facetiously. But in this case they could have banned worrying about it, too. The Elis, with Quarterback Brian Dowling both throwing and catching passes, beat the Tigers 29-7. Dowling passed for two touchdowns, caught a surprise pass from Halfback Calvin Hall for another and ran three yards for a fourth. "The mystique of Princeton football is definitely dead," pronounced Yale Tackle Glenn Greenberg—whatever mystique there was.

The victory meant the conference championship for Yale when Cornell upset Dart-

continued

mouth 24-21. The race for second, however, is still on. That will be decided Saturday when Harvard, which beat Brown 21-6, meets Yale in The Game at New Haven and Dartmouth plays at Princeton.

THE SOUTH 1, TENNESSEE (7-1) 2, ALABAMA (7-1-1) 3, MIAMI (6-2)

Just as American League baseball teams were repeatedly stunned by the way Manager Dick Williams of the Red Sox came up with the right move at the right time, so Mississippi Coach Johnny Vaught was shocked by the exploits of another Dick Williams, a tackle for Tennessee. Williams recovered two Rebel fumbles to set up a touchdown and a field goal as the Vols won 20-7. Vaught's 5-4 monster defense closed off the middle and held the potent Tennessee offense to 290 yards. But Halfback Walter Chadwick ran options to the weak side for 115 yards, scored once and passed for another touchdown. The win brought the Vols a bid to face Oklahoma in the Orange Bowl.

Georgia stymied the passing of Auburn's Loran Carter, hit on some timely passes of its own and won 17-0. Carter, who had thrown for more than 1,800 yards in seven games, could complete only four passes for 59 yards. Still the score was only 3-0 when an untimely offside penalty hurt Auburn in the fourth period. Georgia Quarterback Kirby Moore then got the Bulldogs moving. He connected on passes of 19 and 20 yards, and plunged over for a touchdown and a 10-0 lead that meant the game.

With the offensive line opening wide holes in the South Carolina defense, Alabama runners barged through for 269 yards, and End Dennis Homan and Quarterback Kenny Stabler teamed up for their ninth scoring pass of the season—the first allowed by the Gamecocks all year—as Alabama won 17-0. The victory virtually assured the Tide of its ninth straight bowl appearance, most likely in the Cotton.

Florida enhanced its bowl hopes by stopping Kentucky 28-12 as Wayne Barfield set an NCAA record when he kicked his 51st extra point in a row, and another strong SEC team, unlucky LSU, took out its season frustrations on hapless Mississippi State 55-0 as Quarterbacks Nelson Stokely and Fred Hayes completed 21 of 29 passes for 327 yards. This impressed the Sugar Bowl, which invited the home-state Tigers.

Although Gerald Warren of North Carolina State broke an NCAA mark with his 16th and 17th field goals of the season, Clemson fought back for a 14-6 victory that moved the Tigers into a three-way tie for the ACC lead with the Wolfpack and South Carolina, their next opponent.

Independent Georgia Tech flourished to its worst season since 1945 as Notre Dame

stung the Yellow Jackets 36-3 behind the passing of Terry Harratty and the running of Bob Gladieux and Rocky Bleser.

West Virginia picked off two passes by Davidson's Jimmy Poole—the nation's No. 1 passer prior to the game—and ran them back 76 and 48 yards for scores as the Mountaineers won 35-0 and clinched the Southern Conference title.

THE MIDWEST 1, PURDUE (8-1) 2, OKLAHOMA (7-1) 3, NOTRE DAME (7-2)

Reality finally hit Indiana, and in the large economy package, as big and powerful Minnesota wore down the undefeated Hoosiers for three quarters and buried them in the fourth 33-7. To wrest the Rose Bowl bid from Minnesota and tie for the Big Ten championship now, Indiana would have to upset Purdue on Saturday, an improbable happening even in a year of improbabilities. Minnesota simply overpowered Indiana, running up the middle, off the tackles and anywhere else that looked like fun. The Gophers piled up 376 yards as Quarterback Curt Whiton ran for four touchdowns and passed to End Charlie Sanders for another. But Indiana did not let its rosy dream evaporate easily. Behind only 13-7 early in the fourth quarter, it had a first down on the Minnesota 27. Then, inexplicably, the Hoosiers stopped using the option to Halfback John Izenburger, which had worked so well for them all year, and had to give up the ball on the 21. Both ball and ball game were gone. "It's not the end of the world—or the season," said Coach John Pont philosophically. "When you lose by that kind of score you pick up the pieces and forget it."

Last summer, while Ohio State Coach Woody Hayes was visiting U.S. troops in Vietnam, he generously invited Marine Lt. General Lewis Walt to the Dad's Day game with Iowa and promised him the victory ball. The way things had been going for Woody earlier in the season, it seemed like an ill-advised gesture. But Hayes reinstated Fullback Jim Otis—the son of his old college roommate—who had been benched for poor play, and Otis responded nobly. He rammed through Iowa's mushy defense for 149 yards and scored once on a seven-yard burst as the Bucks won 21-10 and the general got his ball.

Oklahoma fans came prepared when the Sooners played Kansas in Norman. They had heard the ill-kept secret about Oklahoma going to the Orange Bowl if it beat the Jayhawks, and they loaded up with oranges sold by vendors at the stadium. But what they almost got stuck with was armloads of oranges. Kansas had a 10-0 lead in the third period, and, as one Oklahoma player said later, "We could see Miami slipping into the sea." However, Oklahoma pulled it out 14-10 on Quarterback Bobby Warrack's 30-

yard pass to Steve Zabel with 1:02 to go. The touchdown led to a barrage of oranges being thrown onto the field—the Kansas team would have preferred a Cotton Bowl trip for Oklahoma.

When Nebraska, the nation's No. 1 defensive team, and Missouri, the country's third best, got together it might well have taken them until next Saturday to score. Both did, however, as Missouri won 10-7 to remain in the bowl picture. Colorado had no scoring worries, beating Kansas State 40-6 and accepting a Bluebonnet Bowl spot.

Toledo, still winning, broke out of a 7-7 tie to surprise Dayton 21-7 for its eighth straight, the first time that has happened in 50 years.

THE SOUTHWEST 1, HOUSTON (7-2) 2, TEXAS AT EL PASO (5-2-1) 3, TEXAS (6-3)

UTEP may sound like a branch of the United Nations, but the University of Texas at El Paso team was no dove against undefeated Wyoming. High-flying UTEP (40 points a game) scored twice after recovering Cowboys fumbles and held a 13-3 lead going into the fourth period, but then Quarterback Paul Toscano began to show why the Cowboys were ranked sixth in the country. He hit on a 64-yard pass, ran for two points after a touchdown and then moved his team in front 18-13 with a scoring pass. UTEP regained the lead 19-18, but, with 5:37 left, Jerry DePoyster won it for the Cowboys 21-19 with a 19-yard field goal and won a Sugar Bowl bid, too.

Chris Gilbert scored on a 56-yard run, the longest from scrimmage in SWC history, and Texas held a 17-6 lead over underdog TCU as the fourth period began, but Bubba Thornton scored for the Horned Frogs on a 78-yard punt return and Cubby Hudler ran back a quick kick 47 yards to set up a field goal that tied the score at 17-17. Texas Quarterback Bill Bradley, who had one of his worst days—he completed just two of 13 passes—fumbled and the Frogs went in to score for a 24-17 win that jolted the Southwest.

Four interceptions helped Texas A&M down Rice 18-3 and gain at least a tie for the SWC championship, which it can wrap up against Texas on Thanksgiving Day. Texas Tech and Baylor amassed 898 yards on offense in a game that the Red Raiders won 31-29 on a 17-yard field goal by Kenny Vinyard with 31 seconds left, and Ronny South passed for four touchdowns as Arkansas came back to beat SMU 35-17.

Houston showed you can't wear out Astro turf by running back and forth on it as they made a shambles of Idaho 77-6. The Cougars gained 622 yards, 511 of them on the ground, as Paul Gipson ran for 193, gaining him a total of 1,022 for the year.

Tulsa, which had been second in the count-

continued



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FOOTBALL'S WEEK *continued*

try in passing and sixth in total defense, did little of either while losing to North Texas State 54-12.

THE WEST 1. USC (9-1) 2. UCLA (7-1-1) 3. WYOMING (10-0)

Perhaps Oregon State had its thoughts on the USC-UCLA extravaganza in Los Angeles (page 16). After all, the frustrated Beavers had beaten one of those teams and tied the other, but still they could not get to the Rose Bowl. Or maybe it felt there were no more champions to conquer.

Whatever the reason, OSU was trailing weak Oregon 10-0 in the last quarter before Fullback Bill Eynart led an 80-yard OSU march to a touchdown. Quarterback Steve Preece's five-yard run

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Minnesota Quarterback Can Wilson was a perfect leader for the Gophers' winning game against Indiana. He rushed for 108 yards, scored four times on runs and, for variety, passed for his team's other touchdown.

THE LINEBACKER: Georgia Tackle Bill Stanfill, 6'5" and 233, led the rush that wrecked Auburn's fine passing attack, throwing Quarterbacks Loren Carter and Larry Blakney for 45 yards in losses in the Bulldogs' 17-0 win

with 2:30 to play won it, 14-10, for the Beavers.

There were no bowl bids at stake in Palo Alto, either, just the Stanford vs. which traditionally goes to the winner of the California-Stanford game, and that had been returned to Stanford only five hours before the game by enterprising Cal students who had stolen it earlier in the year. There was not much sharp play until the fourth quarter, when suddenly Cal's football team gave Stanford another ax. When 22 seconds, Randy Humphries passed 10 yards to End Wayne Stewart for a touchdown, Stanford fumbled the kickoff, California recovered on the Indian 21 and Humphries threw to Jim Calkins for another score. Cal went on to win, 26-3, its first victory over Stanford since 1960.

One would almost think that Arizona State and Brigham Young were playing for the Western AC championship, the way they went at each other. But Wyoming already had the title, and the best the winner could get was second place. ASU won that, beating the Cougars 23-21. New Mexico State, with Quarterback Sal Olivas passing for five touchdowns, burned New Mexico 54-7. Utah went at Utah State with an unexpected air attack, but all it got was a 19-18 defeat. **END**



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WHITE SATIN

by Sir Robert Burnett

The author of *The Prince Philip Throneride Book*, which was published last month in England, has for the past year held a \$4,800 life insurance policy on **Prince Philip**. "I took the precaution of insuring his life," the writer, **Sebastian Stoke-Poges**, says, "because if he had fallen off his polo pony or crashed a helicopter any book of a jokey nature would also have been killed stone-dead. I would also have lost my royalties. So I inquired if it was possible to insure his Royal Highness' life. I was sent a form to fill in. They wanted to know if the subject had suffered from fits, ear discharge, nervous debility, varicose veins and some other very personal complaints. I had to say honestly I didn't know." He was issued the policy, however, for \$28.80.

Former baseball star **Ralph Kiner**, in Honolulu recently on his way back from Vietnam, told newspapermen about a football game played by U.S. soldiers near the front lines. "They had a special down-and-out play during which the end raced downfield and caught a pass just before stepping out of bounds," Kiner said, "but in one instance the end raced far downfield and as he caught the ball he was shot in the arm by a Viet Cong sniper. The officials ruled it an incomplete forward pass, another instance of incompetence by officials. It should have been ruled complete due to pass interference."

Roy Hofheinz, owner of the Astros and soccer Stars and proprietor of the Astrodome, is sort of taking over Houston. Before long one will be able to live in his 444-room Astro motel, dine in his restaurants, swim in his pools, watch his ball team play in the Astrodome on Astroturf, attend conventions in the As-



trohall or entertain the family at Astroworld, a 56-acre amusement project scheduled for completion in June. It sounds like quite enough to keep a man busy, but not **Roy Hofheinz**. He has just gone out and bought *The Greatest Show on Earth*. Hofheinz, with Irvin and Israel Feld of Washington, D.C., paid a price reported to be in excess of \$10,000,000 for the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus. Not even his Astrodome would do for closing this deal: the papers were signed in the Colosseum in Rome.

It will be interesting to see how the London society pages deal with **Georgia Campbell** (above) when she marries. The daughter of the late **Donald Campbell**, former holder of the world water-speed record, has recently taken a position as a groom in an English racing stable. What are the papers going to say? The bride is a groom?

Taking in boarders is not **Fulton Freeman**'s usual line of work, which is being the U.S. Ambassador to Mexico, but he recently announced that that is what he will be doing during the Olympics. Travelers to Mex-

ico City will not be permitted to buy tickets for the Games unless they have found a place to stay, and Freeman was the first envoy to cooperate with the Mexican government's plea by making Embassy rooms available to Olympic fans.

Race Drivers **Bruce McLaren**, **Stirling Moss** and **Denis Hulme** found some Go-Karts at a car show in San Francisco recently, and it did not take them long to get into the scramble pictured below. One of the few generalizations you can safely make about race drivers is that if you give them anything that moves they will have to race somebody in it. One promoter found this out some years ago when he rounded up a bunch of racing men for a golf match. The minute he turned his back they dropped their clubs to race each other in the golf carts.

For **Ted Williams** even a quiet salmon-fishing trip to New Brunswick has resulted in another brushback with the press.

He was fishing during the Series and the press began bugging him about it, finally eliciting the exasperated response, "Why should I have been there? What could I have done? Why not salmon fishing during the Series?" Pussing for breath Williams then went on with good words for Manager **Dick Williams**, **Yastrzemski**, **Louburg** and the salmon of New Brunswick, but he gathered enough steam to finish up, "I don't have to explain my absence. Is that clear—I mean absolutely clear? I don't have to explain my whereabouts to anyone. Is that clear?" Well, yes. We'd say it was clear.

When **Sharon Percy** and **Jay Rockefeller** married last April Sharon received 20 cookbooks as wedding gifts. Now comes reason to suspect that she may have been using them. The young Rockefellers have enrolled in a physical education clinic to work out vigorously on running machines, cycling machines and ropes.





Kathy Whitworth (above) became No. 1 when Mickey Wright retired temporarily. Next year the two girls will battle for the driver's seat

Miss Avis against Miss Hertz

The lady golf professionals completed their 28-tournament schedule last weekend in Pensacola, Fla. and, for winning more tournaments this year than either Jack Nicklaus or Arnold Palmer, Kathy Whitworth, the leading money winner, earned the munificent sum of \$32,937.50, or exactly \$17,062.50 less than Nicklaus' first-place check at the Westchester Classic a few months ago. She traveled from tournament to tournament by car, not by private jet, and there were no suites at Pebble Beach or Dorset, just \$8.50-a-day motel rooms in Pekin, Ill. or Caldwell, Idaho. That's the way it is with ladies' golf.

Kathy Whitworth was easily the best and most consistent player on the LPGA tour, winning eight championships from Venice, Fla. to San Antonio, Texas, beating Carol Mann in a sudden-death

playoff for the \$10,000 first prize in the LPGA World Series of Golf and finishing second in seven other tournaments. She won the Vare Trophy for the lowest average score per round (72.74) and for the second successive season was voted Player of the Year.

However, in Pensacola last week Kathy tied for 11th, as Mickey Wright played the long and narrow Seaside Hills Country Club course in seven under par to win by nine shots. She thus forewarned Kathy and her other female contemporaries that next year she will be in business again. Mickey dominated the ladies' tour from 1960 through 1964, winning 50 tournaments, until in 1965 she decided to retire and return to college. Kathy, who had been No. 2 most of that time, replaced her as the queen, winning 25 tournaments during the last

three seasons. Mickey, meanwhile, quit school and rejoined the tour as a part-time player. Still, she won seven events last year, and Pensacola was her fourth championship this year. "But I really haven't worked at it," she said the other day. "Actually there's no sense being out here and not being able to win every week. And finishing fourth every week gets to me. I'm going to work at it this winter and come back strong again next year."

If anything, this pronouncement has spurred Miss Whitworth, who now has decided that she, too, will practice all winter, something she has not done in three years. Thus there promises to be a lovely battle for No. 1 in 1968. "When Mickey plays well I feel that she should win, because she's that good," Kathy says. "She's the only one I feel that way about, though. Actually, when someone else beats me it just doesn't depress me."

Kathy, who now is 28, came onto the tour in 1959 out of Jal., N. Mex., by way of Monahans, Texas. She weighed around 225 pounds then (she's a rather trim 145 now) and did not win one penny her first three months on the tour. She wanted to quit and return home, but her family persistently told her to keep at it, and she has been hitting golf balls since.

"I thought the big thing was to win everything," she said, "but with Mickey playing like she was, there was no way I could. She was playing super at the time. And the better she was the better I got, because I always seemed to be fighting her. Of course, any time you were head-to-head with her you seldom won, but the experience was great. And it didn't hurt my ego to lose to her, because I knew she was great, that's all. It had to help me someday."

When Mickey died temporarily retire, Kathy was ready. "I knew how I'd react under pressure," she says, "and I knew how to keep my head round from getting worse. It takes time to learn all that, more time than you imagine. But I was ready."

Kathy still has flaws in her game, however. She addresses the ball almost from left field, standing so far away it looks as though she would miss it completely. She jerks the club up and outside on her backswing. During her swing, she somehow locks her right knee the whole time, which automatically minimizes

her power and often forces her to pull her shots. "It's the result of mental confusion," she says. "I want to work it out this winter. If I don't work on it now and it gets worse, then who knows what might happen."

The other girl pros naturally like to compare Kathy with Mickey. "I don't think Kathy has that classic golf swing Mickey has," says Carol Mann. "But Kathy is a better putter, one of the best out here. She has tremendous powers of concentration. She's not vulnerable emotionally, while I think Mickey is a little high-strung. Kathy is a great trouble player, like Palmer, but Kathy is realistic about all her trouble shots. Palmer is unrealistic. He doesn't know what will happen. She does."

Off the course, the ladies' tour, for the most part, is divided into three groups, not cliques. The young girls, such as Jan Ferraris, Lesley Holbert and Susie Maxwell, are part of one set. Sandra Haynie leads the second pack, and the older players, who stay pretty much by themselves, comprise the third. Mickey rarely, if ever, will socialize with the teeny boppers, but Kathy is just as likely to see a movie with the young girls as play hearts with the older ones. "It's much easier to talk to Kathy than Mickey anywhere—at the motel or the golf course," said Jan Ferraris. "But on the course," as Carol Mann says, "Kathy is one way—strictly golf. It's her business."

Perhaps the only thing that does bother Kathy is the pressure of being No. 1. "You're never allowed to have a bad round," she says, "and you're supposed to win all the time. You try, sure, but you can't do it every week. There has got to be a value placed on pleasure, not just winning. I think Mickey puts too much emphasis on winning every time she tees it up, and when she doesn't win it discourages her to the point where she has to get away. Sure I want to win, but not at that expense."

What Kathy wants to win most, though, is the battle for No. 1 that will begin next March, when the tour resumes in Florida. "Everywhere we go," she said, "Mickey still is considered No. 1. It's never 'Who's playing this week?' It's always 'Is Mickey playing this week?' That's all some people ever care about." It's difficult to try harder when you're already No. 1, but Kathy will work at it this winter. It would be no fun to be No. 2 again.

END



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A brand-new horror for harried husbands

The first harvest of sea-otter skins since 1911 will be marked by a January fur auction in Seattle. The price of the skins—higher by far than either mink or sable—will make stylish women drool and rich men poor

In 1741, while Vitus Bering lay dying of scurvy, fever and exposure on an uninhabited island in the sea that subsequently was to bear his name, his stranded crew from the *St. Peter* began to build a makeshift vessel—and the beginning of a fortune. When they returned to the mainland, they brought with them more than \$100,000 worth of sea-otter furs, which they sold to the Russians.

Along the arc that bends from the Sea of Okhotsk to Monterey Bay, sea otters were as thick as the herds of seal and schools of salmon with which they shared the North Pacific. But Bering's voyage set off such a slaughter of this frolicsome, delightful little animal that by 1911 the species became virtually ex-

ting. Not more than 500 remained along the entire American and Asiatic shores of the North Pacific.

Yet this fall some 50 sea-otter pelts were displayed at the Pacific Science Center in Seattle, and next January 1,000 furs will be sold at auction on the Seattle Fur Exchange. Since each pelt is worth \$1,000 and it takes three or four to make a coat, most people are still going to have to settle for mink. But the return of the otter, particularly in such quantities that a careful, controlled harvest is possible, is another encouraging step in man's growing awareness of his responsible relationship with nature.

When Bering's men sold their first boatload of furs, sea-otter skins became

more valued in Russia than sable. Catherine the Great and members of her court draped themselves in the shimmering pelts. Chinese merchants at frontier Siberian trading centers exchanged silks, tea, spices and pearls for sea-otter fur. Wealthy Chinese and Mongolians promised such rich rewards to the sellers that Siberians were lured across the Bering Sea, down the Aleutian chain island by island, and at last to the Alaskan mainland for more and more pelts, and when Siberian *promyshlenniki* followed in Bering's wake, this ruthless breed of adventurers slaughtered the otter and native Aleuts with equal abandon. As many as 50,000 pelts were taken in a single year.

Captain James Cook's third voyage of exploration to the New World introduced sea-otter fur to the markets of Western Europe. In March of 1778 Cook made a landfall at Friendly Cove at the mouth of Nootka Sound on the wild coast of northwestern Vancouver Island. While he cut new spurs in nearby cedar forests for his battered ships *Resolution* and *Discovery*, his British sailors traded with Hesquiat Indians for the beautiful furs. These British sailors, among them young Lieut. William Bligh, later of the *Bowen*, discovered the astonishing value of the pelts when Chinese merchants in Canton bid fortunes for the skins—as high as \$3,000 a single pelt. There then began an international struggle by Russia, Spain, Great Britain and the U.S. for monopoly of the sea-otter fur trade and rule of the northwest coast of America, inspiring an era of violence almost without equal in the history of the seas. Murder, treason, piracy, heartless exploitation of Aleuts and Indians were an accepted part of the game as trading in sea-otter pelts reached its



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height from 1745 to 1880. Thereafter, until the otter was put under federal protection in 1911, the hunt became more and more difficult.

In World War II, when the U. S. forces moved into the Aleutians, they reported seeing "a lot of goofy little animals." Naturalists among the men identified them as otters. The comeback was well under way. Present population is estimated at 40,000 animals—more, perhaps, in some areas than in Bering's time and certainly enough so that a regulated number of pelts can be taken each year. The otters now are being harvested by native Aleut hunters who are working under supervision of biologists of the Alaska Department of Fish and Game, and the 1,000 pelts available early next year will be the first of an annual sale by the state of Alaska.

The otters packed for Alaska's new trade are shot with rifles equipped with telescopic sights as they swim close to their secluded beaches. Skins average five feet in length, two to 2½ feet in width. Rich, dark-brown fur shimmers on the surface, blooming to a lighter, downy-soft undercoat, dense and woolly. The fur is an inch long, of fine, closely packed fibers growing ever more beautiful with the aging of the animal. Sea otters are slow breeders, the female bearing a single pup at a time. Most endearing is her trait of nursing her offspring cuddled in her forepaws as she floats on her back in the sea. Playful, intelligent and unafraid of man, otters feed mainly on mollusks and sea urchins, which they crush with their large blunt teeth.

Our atomic age brings a new threat to the otter that even strict control of the harvest will not alleviate. Alaska Governor Walter Hickel has asked protection of Amchitka Island's sea-otter population before the Atomic Energy Commission conducts tests there. Hickel has requested postponement of the tests until a three-point program to save the otters has been carried through. He wants the animals transplanted from Amchitka to habitats elsewhere in Alaska. He asks that Alaska be compensated for sea otters destroyed in the tests and for subsequent loss of production and reintroduction of the animals if the population and habitat are destroyed by the planned nuclear explosions. Hickel is not alone in hoping that the otter boom on Amchitka will be protected from the big blast.

END



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Booking Bugged bets brings a Balding bonanza

Ivor Godfrey Balding is a 59-year-old English born horseman with slightly graying hair, a jolly round face highlighted by bushy eyebrows, a crisp, ducklike gait and a puckish sense of humor. For the last 33 years he has been working for Thoroughbred Owner-Breeder C. V. Whitney, first with the polo ponies, then doing a 23-year hitch as manager of Whitney's Lexington, Ky. farm and, for the last five years, as the moderately successful trainer of the eastern string of the boss's racehorses. When a Balding-trained runner wins a race—which happens with amazing regularity at Saratoga, where the boss particularly likes to watch them—Ivor usually acts as surprised as anyone else. His eyes twinkling, smoke pouring furiously from his ever-present pipe, he is capable of accepting congratulations by saying, "Yep, it just goes to show you what a good trainer can do with a bad horse."

Last Friday, Ivor Balding and his wife Frances dined at Manhattan's "21" Club. On their way out Proprietor Pete Krimmiller slipped them \$5, with instructions to bet it on the Whitney long shot, Bugged, in the next day's big 2-year-old race, The Garden State. In the morning Owner Whitney phoned to say that a bad cold would prevent him from getting to the Jersey track. "But, for the hell of it," he coughed into the phone, "bet \$50 to place on the colt for me. I'll watch it on television."

The Baldings arrived at Garden State so late that their lunch table had been given away. An early-afternoon rainstorm had made the track somewhat slippery and slick, which, Ivor figured, wouldn't suit Bugged at all, so he decided to book both bets. "In this sort of going Bugged will run into the one thing he dislikes most of all—dirt thrown in his face," said Balding. He looked up at the posted odds of 15 to 1 and grunted, "He's probably not much horse, but maybe the others aren't either."

A few moments later many of the frus-

trations of the Whitney-Balding team vanished into the blue Jersey skies as Bugged, a chestnut son of Nashua and an undistinguished Mahmoud mare named Fly Trap, won the 15th running of The Garden State by a neck over Iron Ruler. Whitney, who had paid \$10,000 to supplement the colt into the race at the last minute, peered into his television set in amazement as he saw his Eton blue and brown silks drive across the line, making him a winner of The Garden State for the first time in six attempts. He had nominated a total of 157 horses in 15 years for this race. For Balding, winning his first big pot, it meant a 10% trainer's cut of the winning purse of \$188,721 (the gross was \$314,535). "For a while," cracked the overjoyed trainer, "this colt hadn't shown enough to keep wasting money on. But it looks like he's a late developer."

Either that, or, as some observers at Garden State were saying after the race, he didn't beat much. What he did beat, however, he handled with authority. There was nothing fluky about the victory for this colt, who has one strange attribute—he either wins his races or finishes off the board. In 11 starts this year, Bugged has won four times. In his only other stakes, the Champagne, he was fourth, beaten nine lengths by Virolic and trailing Iron Ruler and Captain's Gig.

Much of the credit for last week's victory must go to Bugged's 24-year-old Puerto Rican jockey, Eddie Belmonte, who was riding him for the first time. "Belmonte told me in the paddock," Balding said, "that the best place on the track was about three feet off the rail, so I told him, with not much real confidence, 'If you can take the rail, go get it, but I think you'll find this colt won't like dirt in his face down in there.'" In this instance Balding was wrong, Belmonte right. "He liked the track just fine. It was fast but a little slippery," said the winning jock later.

continued

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Despite a 13-horse field, the 15th Garden State was a remarkably clean race. Broad Shadows, the California sprinter, took the lead, with Wellpoised and Papa Steve prompting the early pace. The favorites, T. V. Commercial, Subpet and Iron Ruler, were well positioned throughout, but only the latter was menacing. His excuse, if he had any, is that he was carried wide on the last turn. But even at the end Bugged, who had never been worse than sixth and had benefited from a skillful and saving ride by Belmonte, was not giving up an inch of ground. Family Fun was third and France's Hai fourth. Subpet and T. V. Commercial were sixth and seventh respectively. Manuel Ycaza blamed the track for T. V. Commercial's poor showing, while Angel Cordero, on Iron Ruler, said his colt got so confused on the stretch turn that he wobbled through it nearly sideways. Bugged, who covered the mile and a 16th in the poor time of 1:44½, needed no excuses whatsoever.

The Garden State is supposed to show

us all what to expect next year from this year's crop of 2-year-olds. Bugged, after a winter in Camden, S.C., may continue to do well in 1968. If he doesn't, it won't be the first time that the winner of this \$125,000-added classic has disappointed his admirers. In fact, only one Garden State winner, Carry Back, has ever gone on to win a Kentucky Derby or lasting fame as a top handicap horse. "It used to be," said former Calumet Farm Trainer Jimmy Jones at Garden State last week, "that some of us would save a colt all year to win this pot. Right or wrong, many of the winners never amounted to much later on. I'm not blaming the race, for the race is a good one, at the right time and at the right distance. It's probably just coincidence. When I won it with Barhizon in 1956 he was absolutely perfect on that one day. The next week he couldn't have beaten a bull. But it doesn't look to me like there's any knockout brown in this 1967 field."

Vitrolac, probably the best 2-year-

old this season, was forced to skip The Garden State because of a shin splint—which, in the long run, may turn out to have been good for him. Last year his stablemate, Successor, won it easily and then spent most of this season trying to recapture his old form. Going back to last spring, when T. V. Commercial won the Lafayette Stakes at Keeneland, there have been no fewer than 26 different 2-year-olds who have won stakes this year in preparing for The Garden State. On that basis, and off one very fine performance in New Jersey last week, Bugged must be given the same chance for success as any other colt in the season ahead.

As for Ivor Balding, there's a check for \$18,872 coming his way. He owes Pete Krusinder \$82.50 out of it, and the boss another \$280. "That's the least of my worries," said Balding as he headed back to Long Island. "If Mr. Whitney had come to the races, and if I had made those bets, we'd surely have lost. That's the way it goes." **AND**

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THANK HEAVEN FOR....

When it was formed last spring the Fairfield girls' track team ran in worn sneakers in a pasture and was coached by two volunteers who didn't know how to make a stopwatch stop. Now the team has real uniforms and has won a meet in New York, while the coaches have learned a lot about little girls

BY BILL GILBERT

One raw, wet afternoon last spring a high school mathematics teacher, Jim Strock, and myself met a straggle band of 50 boys and girls in a pasture adjacent to the Fairfield Area School. The school, which serves several rural townships, is itself adjacent to metropolitan Fairfield, Pa., a community of some 500 in the foothills of the central Appalachians. More or less in order of

appearance, the pasture recently had been designated as the Fairfield track, the children were candidates for the institution's track team and Jim and I were track coaches. None of these phenomena had previously existed in Fairfield. Also, none of them bore much resemblance to the tracks, track teams and track coaches that are found elsewhere.

To begin with, the pasture had become a track in the same way that strips of colored paper became money in the Weimar Republic—by fiat. As pastures go, it was relatively level, but it had a distinct tilt toward the east. (Later we used this topographical eccentricity to advantage. When we wanted to build a kid's confidence we let him, or her, run a couple of 220s downhill. Cocky ones



Belle of Fairfield are (from far left, clockwise), Linda, the spendster, Ann, a surprise starter on the relay team, Keith, who threatened to wear her spikes to a dance, and Chris, never at a loss for words.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANS KROFF

got the opposite treatment.) The day before our first practice session Jim and I—with a transit, tape, balls of string, stakes, two bags of lime and a lot of little boys—had attempted to mark off a 440-yard circular track in the pasture. After a few false arithmetical starts we got the calculations down pat, only to find out that the final curve hit a swamp that was created by the overflow from a

small creek that flowed past the low easternmost corner of the pasture. After some indecision, we finally lined off only a 400-yard circle.

The candidates for the track team were in some ways as irregular as their track. They showed up in sneakers, sandals, galoshes and clodhoppers (Fairfield being mostly an agricultural area). They wore overalls, school pants, hip huggers,

skirts and a collection of sweat shirts that had things like "Batman" and "Wildwood, N.J." emblazoned on the breast. It was determined by a show of hands that only three of our hopefuls had seen a track meet. One of the more experienced members of the squad, a transfer student, had actually participated in an intramural field day at his former school. His event had been the stick

continued

race. A portly girl allowed that she had come out to "play track" in hopes of losing 10 pounds before the junior prom. A prospective weight man said he could throw that "gadger" (he was speaking of an eight-pound shot) a lot farther if it were not so heavy.

Jim and I were not exactly unprepared for the greenness of our squad. To put it bluntly, there was no tradition or record of athletic excellence at Fairfield. For example, during the previous year the three varsity teams fielded by the school—soccer, basketball and baseball—had amassed what must be one of the worst interscholastic records in the nation. Among them they had won two contests while losing 38. At schedule-making time coaches from other schools fought to arrange meetings with the teams from Fairfield. Other Fairfield coaches viewed the track project with weary cynicism. "Everybody thinks that if you tell them loud enough to go out and win they will win," said the disgruntled basketball coach. "You guys will find out soon enough."

Which brings us to the track coaches. Fifteen years and 30 pounds ago Jim Strock had been a good sprinter, while a few years before that I had had a brief and undistinguished career as a miler. Jim knew about starting blocks, that you pass a relay baton with your left hand and similar matters. I remembered something about not passing on a curve and a phenomenon called the oxygen debt. Both of us, after a few days of secret practice, were able to hit the right button on a stopwatch eight out of 10 times. But, despite certain technical deficiencies, we had a lot of enthusiasm, for ever since our own pale, fleeting days of competitive glory we had remained track buffs. There is no worse sort of sports addict.

It is perhaps illustrative of the nature of track enthusiasts to explain that, contrary to common sense, nobody made or even asked Jim and I to organize a track team in a swamp out of a group of boys and girls who didn't know a shot-put from a mushroom and who hadn't won an athletic contest within living

memory. Quite the contrary, we had begged the school board for permission to do so, badgered the superintendent of the school for sawdust and equipment, stolen a sprinter and a half-miler from the baseball coach and shelled out some money and a lot of time to get things going. Despite all of this it has been many a spring since I (and I am sure the same holds true for Jim) have had so much fun or been so satisfied with how I spent my hours.

There were a variety of happenings that made it a good spring. There was a thin, raggedy little boy who comes from what is now stylishly called "an Appalachian poverty pocket." He could run fast but not very far—boiled potatoes and coffee not being the best training meal. When he heard his name read out as one of those going to the first boys' meet he said solemnly, "That's the first time I ever been on a good list." There was the discovery of a handsome 14-year-old who looks and talks like an all-American Eagle Scout but who turned out to be much better than that. He just may be another Jim Ryun in half a dozen years. There was a tough, Huck Finn sort of kid—giving away several years and a lot of size—coming to the tape in a 440 with a six-inch lead. Trying to make a last, ultimate effort, he fell in the cinders but crawled across the line on bloody knees to save third place. Ten minutes later, his face and legs patched with Band-Aids, he was running and winning in a relay.

But particularly there were a dozen or so little girls. Little girls when they get enthused, involved and turned on are, I now think, absolutely beautiful. The word is used in the hippie, not Lolita, way. For all of us down in this corner of Appalachia they were the true flowers of spring.

Early in April I paid a visit to a fellow named Don Sterner, the track coach at Biglerville, a community some 20 miles into the Blue Ridge from Fairfield. Don was a real track coach, with a real cinder track and a real track

team—boys who ran 49-second quarter miles and threw the shot 53 feet. More important for my purposes, Don was, in our part of the world, the pioneer, virtually the only promoter of girls' track, and when he died last September of cancer, at age 37, we lost a good friend.

Don, when I saw him in April, was more than oblique, because he was an oblique man by nature and because, as I have learned, people involved in girls' track are like castaways on a desert island. Everybody is anxious to help everybody else. Though our land of the free effortlessly produces teeny hoppers, girls who officially run for the sport of it are hard to come by. Anybody in this, so to speak, game always welcomes a newcomer who wants in for no other reason than that it will increase the competitive field.

"Girls are a lot of fun," Don said, "but don't treat them like boys. They are motivated differently. They will run their hearts out, but first you have to get them emotionally involved."

Very shortly what Sterner was talking about became apparent. One Saturday morning while working with a group of ninth-grade ladies—would-be sprinters—I looked up to see one of their contemporaries, Debbie, standing against the pasture fence, sobbing. Now Debbie is a big brunette who in a few years is going to be a beauty, the kind who will walk through life to the music of wolf whistles. However, there is no disputing the fact that, at the moment, she is a very hefty 14-year-old, a bit on the awkward side.

"Debbie, did you twist your ankle (a common occurrence for pasture runners)?"

"No," she wailed. "Those other girls are so fast and I'm so slow and fat," Blub, blub, blub.

What would Erich Fromm do? What would Simone de Beauvoir counsel? "Debbie, stop it," I said. "There is something for everybody in track, if they want to work. We just haven't got the right event for you yet. How about trying the high jump?"

continued



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"I can't even skip rope." Blub, blub.

There is a happy ending to the Debbie story. After a bit she stopped blubbering and began to work like crazy at becoming one of those rare creatures, a girl distance runner. She is no threat as yet to Marie Mulder, but you can't tell. Never underestimate the power of a girl who wants to be well.

Robin, another 14-year-old, is something else again. She is a trim little bird who can run. We did not discover this virtue for several weeks, until after her father and I talked her out of wearing skintight shorts to practice. Prior to that she hadn't run very hard, for the legitimate fear that she would split her britches. Among other things, Don Sterner had promised to help us get started by staging an informal practice meet between his girls and ours. When the date for this event was announced Robin went into a tizzy. "Mr. Gilbert, I can't possibly go to Biglerville that day to run. Vicky's having a party, and I'm

going to stay all night at her house."

What would Jumbo Elliott say if Dave Patrick begged off from the NCAA finals because he was going to a slumber party at Jimmy Ryan's?

"Robin, that is up to you. You can't be in two places at once. You've got to make your own choice."

After presumably mulling over this inspired collection of homilies Robin came back snuffling. "Mr. Gilbert, I really want to run, but I want to go to the party. What am I going to do?" Blub, blub.

"Robin, you do what you want to do most. I can't tell you."

"I want to run most," blub, blub. "Please don't be mad at me."

With three daughters of my own I had come to know most of the girls who showed up every afternoon in the pasture (I no longer think of my oldest daughter, Lynn, as such, but as my 220 sprinter and second girl on the 440 relay team). However, I knew most of

them with ribbons in their hair and birthday cake smeared over their faces. In the beginning the tendency around the pasture was to continue thinking of the girls as little squealers who were out for sort of an athletic party. However, it slowly became apparent that they were something far different, more than this. Whatever we did—jogged, sprinted, jumped—there were always half a dozen girls well up front, ahead of the boys. Furthermore, at the end of a two-hour practice session it was invariably a girl who wanted to know if she couldn't run some more.

First—most of the time and in a lot of different ways—was a wiry, leggy 11-year-old, Linda. Linda has a great mop of honey-colored hair from under which peers a rare and elfin face. You seldom see her when she is not laughing out of what apparently is sheer pleasure in being Linda and being where she is. In addition to being the original joy girl, she is also, usually, at least three yards

continued



Getting in some distance work, Fairfield moppers lope through grass as tall as they are, outside the fenced pasture where practices are held.

ahead of anybody—girl, boy or man—who tries to run with her.

"Mr. Gilbert, can I run a hundred yards with you just for practice?" Linda said one day when I knew less about this remarkable sprite than I do now. The notion appealed to everyone, particularly the high school principal, who was standing nearby, a portly gentleman whom the kids call, behind his wide back, Captain Zoom Zoom.

"I'll just jog along with her. I don't want to discourage her," I said in an aside to Captain Zooms Zoom, who gave me one of those withering, high-school-principal smirks.

We went out the first 50 yards at what seemed to me a recklessly fast pace, but I consoled myself because Linda was able to stay at my side. About 10 yards from the finish line she went zip past me. Trying to stay by her side, I felt something go z-z-z-pop in my right calf.

"Boy, Mr. Gilbert, you run good for somebody old," Linda said sincerely, as she waited for me. The experience convinced me that my future in track and field lay in filling out entry forms for girls like Linda.

Cindy is 12, with legs that start below her chin. She is a dark, cool child whose general appearance can only be described as saturnine. She has a Roman nose, black gambler's eyes and unlimited confidence. "I'll be the best jumper and one of the best runners, not quite as good as Linda but pretty good," Cindy announced calmly on the first day, not giving an opinion but stating a fact. Nobody has yet disproved it.

For instructional purposes, we took the girls to Gettysburg College in April to watch a track meet. After studying the collegians for a time Cindy gave her verdict: "They're bigger than we are. I'll be a while before we beat them." She was, I am sure, thinking in terms of weeks, not years.

Ann is Linda's sister, a year older and bigger and heavier. She is not as ephemeral in either body or spirit as her sister, but she has a charm all her own. Ann is the kind that everyone who has anything to do with large groups of

children hopes to find and, once having found, cherishes. She is the kind who doesn't lose either her shoe or her head and helps everybody else keep theirs. She knows what she's meant to do and does it. She is always in the right line and instinctively picks up gum wrappers. But as splendid a virtue as responsibility is, from an administrative standpoint, it does not win races. It appeared, though one might wish it otherwise, that this model girl was doomed to be overshadowed by the swiftness—Robin, Cindy and her own little sister, Linda. However, such is Ann's sweet temper that this fact did not seem to discourage her. She was always the first at practice and last to leave, and she worked every minute she was in the pasture.

Three weeks after that first cold spring afternoon we loaded up the girls and took them to Biglerville. Don Sterner held out his Penn Relay-type runners from the competition, but otherwise the girls from the pasture more than held their own. They even did something that nobody from Fairfield ever did: they won some events—a few dashes, a jump and, to the satisfaction of all, a relay.

"That little thing is a runner," Don Sterner said as we watched Linda streak across the line five yards in front of the next 100-yard dasher. "Why don't you bring four of them over to the Chambersburg Relays? They're going to run a special girls' 440 in between the boys' races."

"In age groups? Our oldest one's only 14."

"It's open. Most of us will have 17- to 18-year-olds, but your kids won't be embarrassed. Good experience."

There followed a week of spirited competition for the four relay-team places. The winners were Robin; another 14-year-old, a little Dresden-doll-like blonde named Juanita; Linda, naturally; and, to the surprise and pleasure of everyone, her sister Ann, whose serious practice had paid dividends. "Mr. Gilbert, are you sure I should go?" Ann asked,

beaming with pride of accomplishment but not so flustered in victory as to lose her straight-shooter view of the world. "Sherry beat me in one of the races. Maybe she should have my place."

"Ann, you are it."

A station wagon full of girls is, as a rule, not as dangerous as a load of boys. You are not so apt to get hit in the ear with a dirty sweat sock or have to stop to break up fights. However, girls normally are as loud as boys, though more twittery, like a thicketful of thrushes going full blast on a summer's day. But driving toward Chambersburg on that Saturday morning, absolute, painful silence prevailed.

"Look," I said, playing the cheery coach. "Remember, there are six cars full of girls going to Chambersburg today, and they are all just as scared as you are."

"No, they're not," Robin said. "Nobody has ever been as scared as I am."

"Everybody is scared the first time I was so nervous I threw up the first time I ran."

"Don't say things like that," Robin pleaded.

"You're all chicken," said cool Cindy, the jumper, who was just along for the ride and whose competitive nature was chafed by her spectator's role. "Any of you want to quit I'll take your place."

Now, in other parts of the world Chambersburg, Pa. (pop. 18,000) is seldom thought of as a metropolis, but if you come from Fairfield it is Big Town. If silence can grow more silent, that is what happened as we progressed through the suburbs. There were a few gaspy asthmatic sighs and chokes, but nobody made a voluntary peep until we reached Chambersburg High School, where the relays were being held. The school is about normal size for a city institution, which makes it roughly five times as large as Fairfield, which each year has a graduating class of 40 or so.

"Oh, my gosh," said Linda, who for once was not laughing. "I'm getting cold all over."

We parked behind the grandstand, and some of the girls slowly disem-



Clearing a low hurdle in effortless form is Debbie, who launched her track career with a good cry because she thought she was slow and fat.

harked. Robyn sat huddled in the corner seat, her teeth literally chattering, a look of piteous terror on her face.

"Mr. Gilbert, I can't do it. Please take me home."

"Let her go," shrugged Cindy. "I can do it."

"Shut up, Cindy," four of us ordered.

"Oh, Robyn," piped Juanita in her teeny-weeny Alice in Wonderland voice. "Just think, the faster we run the sooner we can get off the track."

Juanita tugged, Ann and I each got an arm and together we dragged our reluctant anchor girl toward the field. The girls momentarily were cheered when they were admitted free through the competitors' gate, the first time that had happened to any of them, but panic settled in again when we got to the field and they saw the spectators in the grandstand.

"There are thousands of people [there actually were about 500]," Robyn whispered in a strangled voice. "Look at them. They're all looking at me."

We did not dwell on the crowd as long as we might have, since we shortly found the corner of the field where the other girls' relay teams had congregated. The others were from big cities like Chambersburg, Gettysburg and Bayler-ville. They were wearing real uniforms (the day before my wife had dyed T-shirts green for our girls) and real track shoes. They were all enormous and busy making brisk exchanges with the relay baton. The Fairfield girls huddled together, shivering.

"Now go on out and loosen up," I ordered in a sort of let's-show-the-flag voice.

"We'd rather just wait," said Robyn. And that they did, like four death-row inmates.

There is an ancient saw in sports that every coach has used or tried to use at one time or another in the interest of building confidence in timid performers. It runs: "Look, they put on their pants just like you do, one leg at a time." I decided to boulderize this cliché and

put it to immediate use. "Look, these girls comb their hair just like you do. They're just girls like you are."

"No they're not," said honest Ann. "They are twice as big as we are and a lot older."

Technically speaking, she was right. As Don Sterner had said, the other teams were made up of high-school juniors and seniors, and big ones at that. Even our two 14-year-olds, Juanita and Robyn, small for their age, were tiny in comparison to their opponents, while 11-year-old Linda, our lead-off runner, was absolutely dwarfed by the muscular, buxom 17-year-old who had lined up beside her.

"Just run as hard as you can, and give Juanita the baton when you get there. That's all you have to remember." I gave my last counsel and then slipped away, thinking it would not help the girls at all if their coach were to be sick in front of thousands and thousands of people who were all watching him. The enormity of the mismatch suddenly had

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LITTLE GIRLS *continued*

become apparent to me. Was it possible for a team to be lapped in a 440 relay on a 440 track? Would Robin run the wrong way? What had I got these trusting little girls into? This was the end of the girls' track team. It would not survive such a humiliation. Things worked out better than any of us expected they would. There was a bad start, which was entirely the fault of a meatheaded official who, at the moment, I would gladly have executed with his own starting gun. Linda was left 25 feet behind at the post, but incredibly that tiny little thing, once she began to run, made up ground on the big girls in front of her. Petite Juanita and solid Ann held their own, and when Robin got the haton she was only five yards behind. Instead of fuming she gritted her chipmunk teeth and ran a 13-second 100, which is good for any 14-year-old and was half a second faster than she had ever run before. The girls didn't win, but they were anything but disgraced.

For several reasons the Chambersburg Relays were for the Fairfield girls' track team what the Rubicon was for Julius Caesar. It was their baptism of fire. After-

ward they were veterans. Driving back to Fairfield that afternoon they yelled and screamed and, when we stopped at a drive-in, ate cheeseburgers, French fries and milk shakes like a boys' track team. The mood was summed up by Robin. "Mr. Gilbert, let's run everywhere I'll never be frightened again." And she hasn't been.

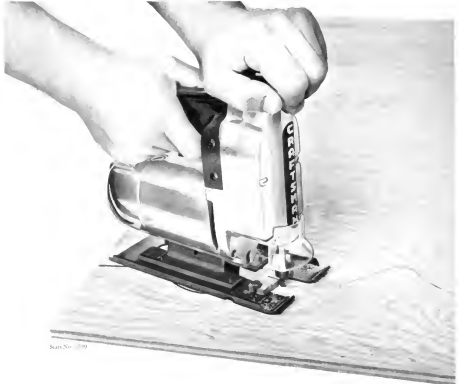
On the strength of the respectable showing in Chambersburg we went, a few nights later, to a meeting of the local PTA, asking for track shoes for the girls. The PTA was broke hut, after some politicking, agreed to reduce the gift of gowns to the choir by three and order 10 pairs of spiked shoes. The choir director was miffed, but the girls were as ecstatic, as if they had been given golden slippers. The shoes were delivered on a rainy afternoon, and the girls put them on inside, then paraded up and down the corridors, mostly walking on their heels, leaving only a few spike marks on the floors.

"Wow," said Kathy, an aspiring 13-year-old quarter miler. "I'm going to wear mine when we have our next dance. Some guy steps on me by mistake,

continued



To the girls of Fairfield last spring, Chambersburg was about the biggest city in the world. Six months later they felt comfortably at home in a New York hotel.



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LITTLE GIRLS

I'll jab him right through his big toe."

The final step in the making of a track team was the zebra sweat shirts. One afternoon Rohin, hand behind her back, came up to parley. "All those girls at Chambersburg had uniforms, sort of. Can we, Mr. Gilbert?"

"Sure. But we'll have to get them ourselves. We can't get anything else from the PEA."

"That's O.K. We can buy our own. Look, this only cost \$2 at the Waynesboro Knitting Mill." So saying, she whipped out her hidden treasure, a pullover that hung just at miniskirt length and was marked with two-inch-wide, black-and-white horizontal stripes. Suddenly all the girls appeared, teasing: "Can we, can we? Can we get them?"

It was not exactly the kind of costume I had had in mind, but what the hell. As Don Sterner had advised, girls are different and need to be emotionally involved. "Go ahead. You have to wear them, not me."

The next afternoon we drove the girls to the Waynesboro Knitting Mill, and they all returned striped. The lift provid-

ed by the garish shirts was just what they needed. After that they were, so to speak, off to the races. Two days later we ran against girls from a suburban school near Baltimore. The school was as large as Chambersburg, but nobody paid it no never mind. The girls swarmed out of the bus looking like a herd of cocky zebras. As usual, when it comes to gamesmanship, Cindy was in a class by herself. She swaggered past a wide-eyed Maryland girl, swished her striped shirt a couple of times as if it were a monk stole and then ostentatiously clacked her brand-new spikes under her opponent's nose. She then went out to mop up the broad jump without even taking off her zebra shirt. From there on it got better.

"We did it," shrieked Linda, who had done a good bit of it all by herself. "Fairfield won something."

Nor did the ice cream and the ribbons end there. When school was over nobody, least of all Jim and I, wanted to stop. The girls and some of the boys organized a club, which they called the Fairfield Striders. They put on some

continued



A victory ride was something else again. Taking advantage of the swash hour, the country girls hold their own kind of rambles with an impromptu workout.

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dances and suppers to raise money for travel and real uniforms. Along with all of this, they kept coming out everyday all summer and fall to run in the pasture. Jim and I and other parents and teachers were there, too, driving little girls to AAU track meets all over the East, bringing them and their collection of medals back to the mountains.

Where in April we had to drag the girls out of the car to run in Chambersburg, they now literally leap out to get a crack at girls from Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and New York. Linda has continued to be what she first seemed to be—a girl who can run against anyone. Her sister Ann has found her stick—the broad jump. Last time out she jumped 15½ feet, and there are few 12-year-olds jumping farther. Cindy has found the hurdles, which suit her talents and temperament. Robin is taking a keen professional interest in the time of Tennessee A&I sprinters. Kathy, the jam-a-spoke-thru-their-toe blonde, can,

as it turns out, run forever and at meets now watches Charlotte Cook speculatively, biding her time (about two more years) until she can run against her. And Lyn, the daughter who was a relay worry, has now more or less established herself as the best 11-year-old half miler in the Midatlantic area.

Along the way, after discovering that the AAU sponsored a lot of age-group competitors, the Sinders recruited half a dozen 8- and 9-year-old Bonnies, Karen, Debbys, Lees, Sandys, who, all put together, fit into one pair of medium-sized sweat pants. However, they are only tiny in bulk. Otherwise they are very big around here. They were particularly big a few weekends ago when they went to New York, where they gawked at tall buildings, got lost on the subway and spent the night in a real hotel. The next afternoon they ran three quarters of a mile in Van Cortlandt Park, sprinting across the finish line to help Fairfield win the title. Now, admittedly, lit-

tle girls' cross-country is an esoteric adjunct to what can only be regarded as a minor minor sport. Nevertheless, at the moment we have in Fairfield (pop. 500) a great, gaudy trophy that says our little girls ran faster than anyone else in New York City (pop. eight million) on Oct. 21.

The country mouse-city mouse syndrome being what it is, there was a lot of yelling and screaming in Van Cortlandt Park after the awards were made, but one girl never lost her cool and that was Cindy, who will compete against anybody, anywhere, at anything, including cross-country. "What do we do now? We've seen all those girls," Cindy asked, nodding towards New York City. "Don't get a hag head," I told her. "Remember, those girls from Detroit ran the legs right off of you back in September."

But that was just the coach talking. I was thinking, there is always Munich in 1972, you cool little chick. **END**



As Bill Gilbert discovered, little girls are beautiful and will run their hearts out if you can get them enthusiastically involved, exhorted and roused on.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

PONDERED PUNT

Sirs:

The tenor of Don Jenkins' article, *Pont, Ahn, Pont* (Nov. 13), is exquisite. It clearly captures the essence of John Pont's positive personality, the delicious dilemmas of Indiana's magnificent sophomores and the bubbling, nervous anticipation of Hoosier fans across the nation. Congratulations. Really.

PHILIP M. MCGARR

Bloomington, Ind.

Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed Don Jenkins' wonderfully entertaining article. His description of the numerous weird incidents that have availed the Hoosiers was particularly captivating. My reaction, however, is that it is about time the Hoosiers got an assist from fate. During the years I attended Indiana University, the just-aword incidents that went against the Hoosiers were myriad. Indiana has built up so large a backlog of bad breaks that we alumni can accept a few fortuitous gifts without making any apologies.

I'm glad the law of averages has finally shown that the IU football team is not being discriminated against. The Supreme Court should be proud.

CAL KEMP

Rancho Cordova, Calif.

Sirs:

As an addition to Indiana Athletic Director Bill Oswig's poem (SCORECARD, Nov. 6) concerning the plight of John Pont's punter, I propose the following: "Pont punts as punter picked procedure poorly."

In the future: "Pacify Pont by properly punting when proposed."

GREGORY H. SEINE

East Lansing, Mich.

WHAT'S THE POINT?

Sirs:

That "curious California scoring system that allows the maximum of five points to the winner of a round and none to the loser" (*They're Still Waiting for Jerry*, Nov. 6) is, despite Mark Kram's skepticism, quite equitable and, in essence, quite venerable. This system is simply the reverse of the five-point-must system that has been used in a number of states (e.g., Illinois) for quite some time. The latter method gives the winner of a round five points and the loser four or less, depending on his performance.

The equity of the California point system is easily demonstrated by the first Patterson-Johansson fight in which Patterson was downed seven times in the third round. Assume Floyd won the first two rounds. This

would have given him a two-round advantage, to none for Johansson, in New York (where, in fact, the bout was held), a 2-0 point advantage in California and a 10-8 point advantage in Illinois. Assume now that Patterson managed to survive the seven knockdowns in the third round and kept away from Johansson for the rest of the round. In California the three-round totals would have read five points for Johansson, two for Patterson. In Illinois Johansson would have been leading 13-10, but in New York it would have been two rounds to one in favor of Mark Kram's hero.

ROBERT J. CHANDLER

Larchmont, N.Y.

SCORELESS

Sirs:

The misguided practice of withholding scores in the last quarter of the NFL telecasts in an effort to hold the viewers over to the postgame score shows (SCORECARD, Nov. 13) has turned many people into AFL watchers. Our Nashville station does not air the score show, preempting it for a program of local news that does not give the scores. Therefore, we here in the Nashville area must watch the AFL game if we are to get the scores before the Monday papers.

Maybe CBS should buy up all the newspapers to keep the scores out of the Monday papers, too. Surely we should not allow the fans' interest to run rampant over advertising revenue.

BERNARD L. VARNY

Hendersonville, Tenn.

SHOWFLAKES

Sirs:

Your articles on France and the Winter Olympics in the November 13 issue leave me absolutely breathless. On the other hand, Jack Olsen's article on Grenoble (*A Skislap Town's Great Skislap*) gave me a few shudders, but it, too, is indeed the result of fine research and a twisting sense of humor.

MYRON CLEMENT

French Government Tourist Office
New York City

MOVING TARGETS

Sirs:

In reference to the article concerning the new NFL divisions (SCORECARD, Nov. 6), it certainly appears that the powers that be used little forethought. Maybe now that they have the opportunity they will use some hindsight. How about this proposal? Simply rearrange each of the four divisions each year. Take the teams that finish fourth and put them in one division, put the teams that wind up third the previous year in another division, etc.

Certainly the winners of a Saints-Falcons-Steelers-Vikings loop wouldn't stand much of a chance in a playoff against the winner of a Packers-Cowboys-Cards race, but with the constant realignment no one team will be able to continually dominate its division as Green Bay will in the present Central Division.

CLIFFORD KOBAND
Captain, USAF

Topsham, Me.

ACE IN THE WRONG HOLE

Sirs:

I wish to take exception to an article that appeared in your SCORECARD section (Nov. 6). You correctly reported that Red Hill Country Club held a Champagne Open and that one of the participants scored a hole in one on a par-4 hole. However, the article incorrectly implies that the host club refused to award a new car as advertised and further states that the reason for the refusal was that the club had purchased protective insurance for only par-3 holes.

I played in that tournament, and it was quite clearly indicated that a new automobile would only be awarded for aces on the par-3 holes. In fact, four new automobiles were parked on the first tee, and each car was designated as the prize for a specific par-3 hole. We were all sorry that the ace was scored on the wrong hole, but there was never any question that the hole in one did not fall within the rules established by the host club.

The tournament was an enjoyable event, and I regret to see its success marred by the false implication that the club had reneged on its offer.

MICHAEL H. CLIFFER

Riverside, Calif.

GRIZZLIES (CONT.)

Sirs:

Emmett Watson's article on grizzlies (*Menace in Our Northern Parks*, Oct. 30) was an articulate and accurate statement. He recorded the situation as it occurred, without resorting to sensationalism.

However, Mr. Watson omitted one person in his article. Seasonal Park Naturalist Joan Devereaux had led an overnight hiking party to Granite Park Chalet on Saturday, August 12. She was substituting for another naturalist, who was on fire duty. During the night Miss Devereaux quickly assumed the leadership so necessary to prevent panic at the chalet. She was in control at all times, and her calm, courageous attitude inspired others and helped to bring order out of chaos.

The next morning Miss Devereaux led a party of 39 from the chalet through known

continued



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grizzly country to the highway. By singing and whistling as she led her party through the brush, she helped to calm the fears of her group. Throughout the night and during the next day Miss Devereaux's leadership markedly impressed all. She certainly was one of the heroes.

RICHARD T. COLE

Babb, Mont.

Says:

Emmett Watson's story pertaining to the killing of two girls by grizzlies reminded me of our vacation in Yosemite last summer. While these two girls did nothing to provoke the bears, such was certainly not the case at our camp. I saw about 50 screaming humans chase a bear into the river. When the frightened bear emerged on the other side he was again chased, this time by boys on bicycles.

Another bear entered the camp about dark to poke around a garbage can. A tourist ran up to him and shot off a flashlight about eight feet from the bear's face. The flash lit up the entire Yosemite Valley, and it was a miracle the bear didn't knock the guy's head off.

Black bear, grizzly or whatever, when a bear is sighted it is wise to head in the other direction—and fast.

DAVE KORNHUBER

Sunland, Calif.

Says:

The grizzly bear is a wild animal, and no amount of research will change that fact. Whether or not the Park Service has ever been negligent in warning people of the dangers, I cannot say. However, several times I have seen people feeding wild animals within 20 feet of a sign warning them not to do so. When easy meals are presented in the form of handouts the bear will overcome his fear of man long enough to become a nuisance or, unfortunately, a menace.

I question Dr. Craighead's statement that "grizzlies were unaffected by weather." All wild animals are affected by weather changes.

IVAN TURNER

Biglork, Mont.

Says:

I have often wondered why an old guide I knew never ripped his sleeping bag. Now I know. Looking at it from a bear's point of view, there is not too much difference between a pack of food—a regular source of supply—and a sleeping bag filled with meat. Accidents are to be regretted, but let's hope that the outcome is sound, not based on hysterics. Should we close the old swimming hole because of a drowning?

J. D. COULSON

Providence

The Greatly Exaggerated Death of Mr. Howe

There lay Gordie on the ice in a pool of blood. An unfortunate accident? So thought impartial observers, but to the frustrated Red Wings it looked like a case of plain premeditated murder

by STAN FISCHLER

It's strange now, some 17 National Hockey League seasons later, to think back on that night of March 28, 1950. It's stranger than ever if, as you're thinking, you happen to be watching the Detroit Red Wings on the ice with old indestructible Gordie Howe skating strong as ever under the weight of heaven knows how many NHL trophies for first, most, best and greatest.

Nevertheless it is a fact of hockey history that on that night in 1950 during the first round of the Stanley Cup playoffs, the sudden and violent "death" of young Gordie Howe touched off the most vicious and acrimonious feud in the chronicles of the league.

That year, thanks to the implacable offensive mounted by the Detroit "production line" of Howe, truculent Ted Lindsay and Sid Abel, who is now their manager, the Red Wings finished No. 1 at the end of the regular season. Their opponents in the first round of the playoffs were the third-place Toronto Maple Leafs, who had won the cup for an unprecedented three consecutive years.

For far more years than that the Red Wings had nursed a simmering hatred for the Leafs. Under Coach Hap Day's guidance the Toronto club had repeatedly frustrated the Wings, beating them in 11 straight playoff games in years when they were lucky enough to make the playoffs and keeping them out of the playoffs altogether for three straight seasons. An atmosphere of imminent open warfare hung over Detroit's Olympia Stadium before that first game of the 1950 playoffs.

Before the opening face-off George Gravel, the bald-pated French-Canadian referee, who was something of a cutup, attempted to lighten the scene by bowing deeply from the waist in the direction of the press box. It was a useless gesture. One fight erupted early in the first period between Marty Pavelich and Fleming Mackell, and another, involving Howe

and Bill Juzda, exploded soon after. Both quarrels were quelled by the officials without serious consequence, however, and by the middle of the third period, when Toronto had coasted to a 4-0 lead, anger on the Red Wing bench was supplanted by an attitude of watchful waiting. The fans assumed that the Wings had given up on this game and would calmly skate out the final minutes, conserving their energies (and their anger) for the second game. They seemed to be doing no more than playing it safe as Toronto Captain Ted (Teeder) Kennedy sidestepped his way across the Leaf blue line on another down-ice sweep.

Kennedy was six feet from the left boards as he reached center ice. Behind him in hot pursuit was the Wings' Defenseman Jack Stewart. Sweeping in from the right side was Howe, who attempted to crash Kennedy amidships. Howe was skating a trifle too slowly to hit Kennedy with full force, and it appeared the best he might do would be to graze the Leaf player and throw him off-balance. But he missed even that opportunity and, as Kennedy stopped short and then pressed forward, Howe tumbled, face-first, into the thick wooden side boards. Seconds later he was lying unconscious on the ice, his face covered with blood. As 13,659 fans sat horror-struck, Gordie Howe, the young favorite, was carried off the ice on a stretcher and removed to Harper Hospital.

For several hours there was a question whether he would survive at all. A call was put through to Saskatoon, Sask. urging Gordie's mother to take the first plane to Detroit so she could be at her son's bedside.

As it turned out, Gordie didn't die. Two days later when Mrs. Howe got in from Saskatchewan, she told reporters, "He still has a headache, but he's feeling fine."

But Detroit's press and public were not listening. As far as they were con-

cerned, Gordie had been lethally assaulted and somebody would have to pay for it. Toronto naturally denied responsibility for Howe's headache, and the argument raged like a forest fire with sportswriters, coaches and fans from both sides pouring verbal gasoline on it to make sure it didn't go out.

Detroit's theory was that Teeder Kennedy had speared Howe deliberately. Kennedy offered to take an oath that he had not caused the injury. "I saw Howe lying on the ice with his face covered with blood," said the Leaf captain, "and I couldn't help thinking what a great player he was and how I hoped he wasn't badly hurt. Then Detroit players started saying I did it with my stick. I knew I hadn't and, as I've always regarded Coach Tommy Ivan as a sensible level-headed man, I went over to the Detroit bench and told him I was sorry Howe was hurt, but that I wasn't responsible."

The Toronto camp made a counter-charge against Detroit Captain Sid Abel. In a bitter editorial, Jim Vipond, sports editor of *The Globe and Mail* of Toronto, wrote, "Sid Abel, a fine performer and a veteran of the game who should have known better, disregarded the pack when the play finally was resumed. Instead, he slashed at Kennedy's ankle, and Ted has a nasty welt to show for it."

It didn't take long for the antagonists to find a common enemy in NHL President Clarence Campbell, whom they blamed for his failure to prevent the brutality and violence that both preceded and followed Howe's injury. Despite the charge of vacillation, Campbell quickly took a stand on the Howe case and exonerated Kennedy.

"Kennedy," said Campbell, "as a right-handed player, had the butt part of his stick tight to the fence as he was going up the ice. He was being checked from his right. The injuries to Howe were on the right side of the head. Kennedy had stopped to avoid the

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GREETINGS 1967

Gordie Howe

check, and Howe went in front of team. The Toronto player was further exonerated in a report by Referee Gravel. But one Detroit paper quoted Gravel as saying he hadn't seen the Howe incident.

Even the mayor of Toronto, the Hon. Hiram McCallum, squeezed into the act and dispatched a message to Kennedy. "The people of Toronto know that absolutely no blame in any way can be attached to you for the accident to Gordie Howe. They are 100% behind you all the way and know you will go on and continue to play wonderful hockey and lead the team to the cup."

Before the opening face-off of the second game of the semifinals two days later, the Red Wing players were chanting "Win this one for Gordie." The Maple Leafs were bracing themselves for a Detroit attempt to "get" Kennedy.

It started in the second period when Lee Fogolin sent Kennedy rolling with a stick trip. As play halted and Referee Butch Kelling thumbed Fogolin to the penalty box, Ted Lindsay rushed up and cross-checked Kennedy back to the ice. Gus Mortson flew at Lindsay and lights broke out all over the rink. About 20 feet out from the Detroit goal, Jim Thomson fell and Leo Reise bludgeoned him across the head and shoulders with his stick. The Toronto defenseman was momentarily defenseless as Reise, apparently not satisfied, slashed away. By this time Kennedy was on the other side of the rink and Reise moved over to get in some more stickwork, this time across Kennedy's shoulders.

Lindsay returned and rushed at Kennedy, his stick held high, then Abel came on flailing with his fists. A fan grabbed Kennedy and held his arms as other Wings struck the Leaf captain. Toronto Goalie Turk Broda, handicapped by 35 pounds of leg pads, trundled over to assist his teammate. Abel and Lindsay persisted in their efforts at mayhem.

When the fighting finally subsided the penalties were sorted out, the ice was cleared of debris and the game resumed, with Detroit the ultimate victor. The Wings trooped happily into their dressing room with Lindsay marching proudly at their head shouting for all the world to hear: "We won for Gordie!"

But by then the Howe episode was threatening to move to the courts. The Wings claimed that Toronto's Smythe had said: "Two years ago Detroit broke my Gus Mortson's leg, and last year

they broke the jaw of Elmer Lach of the Canadians in the playoffs." Detroit's Adams countered: "We are now suing . . . for \$75,000."

Antagonists were in agreement on one point: further action by the NHL president was badly needed. Campbell responded with a loud gavel, warning that "very substantial fines and suspensions" would be applied, if necessary, to stop bitter feuding between the Maple Leafs and Red Wings.

Armed with Campbell's edict, Referee Bill Chadwick tolerated no nonsense in the third game, played at Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto. He whistled Howe Meeker off the ice in the opening minute, after which he had to penalize only two other players. Equilibrium seemed to have been restored and both teams were playing hockey according to the book. At the end of six games, the teams were tied, 3-3.

In the final game the teams battled through three periods of regulation time without a goal being scored. Checking remained close through the opening eight minutes of the sudden-death overtime.

Then Ivan sent out a line of George Gee, Steve Black and Joe Carveth.

Gee, Black and Carveth launched a dangerous rush for the Wings, backed by Stewart and Reise. Several times the puck bounced close to the goal line, only to be cleared, but the Leafs couldn't quite get it out of their own zone. Finally, Gee captured the puck and slid it across the ice to Reise, who was standing near the blue line 60 feet from the goal.

His shot went straight to the net where Turk Broda appeared to have the short side blocked with his skate, pad and stick. But the puck bounced over Broda's stick and hit the back of the net. Detroit had won 1-0.

The final round against the New York Rangers might have been anticlimactic except that it too went into overtime on the seventh game, during which Howe was in the arena. When the ancient silver mug was pushed out to center ice, to be claimed by the victorious Wings, 13,095 fans were chanting "We want Howe! We want Howe!" As Gordie gingerly stepped onto the ice, Lindsay grabbed his hat and sent it flying into the stands. During the postgame ceremony, Howe himself was at mid-ice, one hand proudly on the cup. As a better writer than I once put it, his death had been greatly exaggerated.

END

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